

# Sports Illustrated

MARCH 1, 1971 60 CENTS

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Plymouth

Coming Through.

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Cover painting by Robert Rauschenberg

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## Next week

ALI AND FRAZIER are in their last hours of preparation, and worldwide anticipation builds to next week's climax in Madison Square Garden. A battlefield survey by Mark Kram.

THE PGA championship shifts to a winter date and the golf pros' own course in Palm Beach. Don Jenkins reports the first big tournament of 1971—and maybe the toughest.

POISON spread by shopmen and Government employees to kill off predators, saturates the West. Jack Olson views the continuing slaughter with some passion and much alarm.



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## BOOKTALK

**Knack books, like Knack victories, are plentiful items now in midtown Manhattan**

Because most of the major publishing houses are located in New York City, the literary world of sports seems bounded by Shea Stadium and Madison Square Garden. Through the years, books on the Yankees, Giants, Mets and Jets have flowed from the presses like manna from Manhattan, while the reading public has waited in vain for the printed word about champions from other cities. Even the dynastic Boston Celtics generated only half a smattering of books.

The most recent New York champions are the National Basketball Association's Knicks, and by the end of last Christmas season's publishing orgy no less than seven Knick books were spawned. They ranged from the standard paperback hurry-up job, hitchhiking on current headlines (*The Incredible Knicks* by Phil Pepe, Popular Library, 75¢), to a pretty thorough photo-essay on the playoffs (*Take It All by Phil Jackson and George Kalitrosky*, Macmillan, \$7.95; Collier Books paperback, \$3.95). In between were such items as *The Open Man* by Dave DeBusschere (Random House, \$6.95), a humorous, sentimental and somewhat superficial player's diary; the autobiographical *Clyde* by Walt Frazier and Joe Jares (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, \$6.95), a faithful transcription of a surprisingly traditional man; and *The View from Section III* by Mike Shatzkin (Prentice-Hall, \$5.95), an honest attempt at a fan's diary. In *Miracle on 33rd Street* (Simon and Schuster, \$6.95), Author Phil Berger provides some valuable insights into a variety of basketball's aspects from the prejudices of the players to the weight of the ball. Unfortunately he too often obscures their clarity behind a Manhattan smog of verbiage: "The vibrations that filled a locker room were cathode bolts against midnight velvet."

The best of the current crop of Knick books is Pete Axthelm's *The City Game* (Harper's Magazine Press, \$6.50), which leads the reader away from his seat in Madison Square Garden to the Harlem playgrounds where the game often begins. Some of the great names of the sport came out of those asphalt strips to bask in the limelight of the Garden, earning fame, fortune and that goal of all today's heroes—security. But, as Axthelm reminds us, there were many whose futures were tinged in darker hues: Earl Mangum, who went to prison as a drug addict, Kenny Bellinger, whose last leap was a hunted man's desperate vault between buildings. In this book there is more talk of them than of the easy successes.

In a way that his competitors do not, Axthelm manages to give the game and the team he is writing about genuine dimension.

—JIM KAPLAN

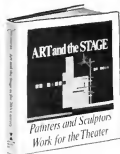


## props

The balls, poles, clubs, rackets, boats, bows and boots that sportsmen use in their various pursuits are among the most exquisitely-manufactured artifacts of man, because they are made in the quest for excellence. In sports equipment, form truly follows function, and function—performance—is what sport is about. What golfer does not yearn for yet a better putter, or skier a better ski? Sports is performance, and **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** is the Magazine of Performance.



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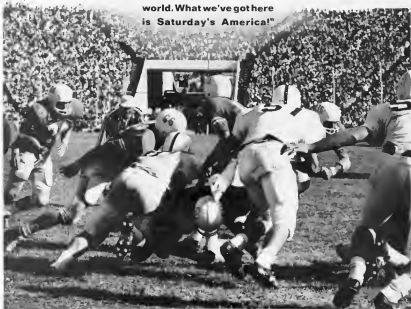
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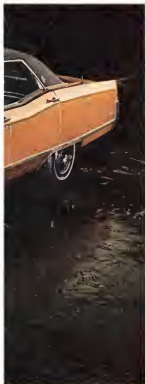
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# SCORECARD

Edited by MARTIN KANE

## IN A FUNK ABOUT THE DUNK

College basketball's dunk was dumped from the rules book in 1967 because it caused injuries to fingers and wrist, gave a special advantage to taller players and sometimes smashed up baskets and glass backboards. Now a movement is afoot to bring it back.

Guy Lewis, Houston Cougar coach, opposed the dunk ban from the beginning and is even more "violently opposed" to it today.

"It was the most exciting shot in basketball," he says, "and it hurt the game tremendously when they did away with it. I think the people on the rules committee are afraid to admit they made a mistake. The absence of the dunk removed a lot of the excitement from the spectator's point of view."

UCLA's John Wooden thinks the dunk is comparable to baseball's home run in producing excitement.

"When a big man does it, it's a crowd-pleaser," he says, "but when a little man does it it's a tremendous thrill."

There are coaches, though, who disagree. George Ireland of Chicago-Loyola holds that "the art of the game is shooting, not stuffing or jamming."

Without the dunk, he feels, "There are no delays of games, no injuries and no backboards broken."

But an Associated Press poll indicated that a majority of coaches want the dunk restored. And if the NCAA rules committee is listening, maybe it will be.

## COUNSEL ON PHYSICAL FITNESS

Last week, for the first time since they were appointed in September, members of President Nixon's Sports Advisory Conference got together to attend a White House reception addressed by the President.

"I am not the best one to speak on this subject," Mr. Nixon told them quite frankly. "As a matter of fact... I really have exercise for exercise's sake. Bud Wilkinson has constantly told me I must jog every day. I do a lit-

tle, but about a minute is enough."

He went on to declare that it is no great disgrace if some people prefer to get their exercise vicariously.

"Let us face it," he said, "this is a sports-minded country. That isn't bad. It has a lot to do with the spirit of a country, the fact that people are interested in how a golf match or a football game or a baseball game or, for that matter, a tennis game comes out... that people who may not participate, who will never be champions, like to watch..."

"With television and those marvelous closeups they have and the reruns and everything else, with television these days the tendency is for people just to sit there with feet up, eating pretzels and drinking—well, drinking, in any event—and that is their participation in sports. I do not think that is bad. As a matter of fact, that can do something for the spirit, as well—in both ways..."

"I believe in competitive sports as a spectator or as a participant. I believe in the spirit that an individual develops either as he watches or as he participates in competition."

"I don't go along with the idea that all that really matters is jogging in place and having a good physical appearance. What really matters, of course, is the spirit as well as the body."

But then he promised that next morning he would jog two minutes.

## GET A HORSE

In this era of the 7-foot basketball center, the 6' 3" quarterback and the 250-pound tackle—even in high schools—the number of sports available to the average-size kid who isn't much taller or heavier than his father is dwindling fast. He can still run track, of course, and take part in baseball and soccer and tennis and lacrosse and wrestling—if his school happens to field teams in these sports—but there ought to be more.

In the high schools of the West there is more. In high school rodeo it's spirit rather than size that counts.

Take the Rio Grande High School Rodeo Club in Albuquerque, for instance. The 25 boy members average less than 145 pounds and the 10 girls on the team a mere 110. Yet they are winning trophies and being recruited by dozens of colleges that have rodeo scholarships.

As Pat Trujillo, agriculture teacher and team sponsor, says: "It is amusing to me to see boys who couldn't qualify for a third-string football team match their 145 pounds with 1,000 pounds of steer."

## ALL IS CONFUSION

The Women's Liberation Movement has, at long last, come to Pocatello, Idaho, where Mrs. Nila Gilcrest, who is 31 years old, mother of two boys, attractive and redhaired, has applied for a job as an assistant football coach at Idaho State University.

"I'm sure," she said, "I could attract a lot of players to Idaho State."

Mrs. Gilcrest explained that she and her husband, Dr. Harry Gilcrest, an ophthalmologist, have been longtime football fans and that she has read a lot of



books on coaching. She is, in fact, enrolled in a coaching class at Idaho State.

"I think it would be nice," she said, "to have someone to put her arm around a dejected football player and say, 'Honey, do it this way.' That'd get a lot better response than cursing."

And in Twin Falls, seat of the College of Southern Idaho—top-ranked junior college basketball team in the

continued

country—one of the team's cheerleaders, Becky Howard, took offense when a male student entered the contest for homecoming queen. She countered by entering the school's ugliest man contest.

Archie Quesnell, the male in the queen contest, finished only third.

But Miss Howard won.

#### TRIUMPH OF THE TRUMPETER

In 1912 ornithologists despaired of the survival of the trumpeter swan, noting that only several dozen existed on the entire North American continent. That was the year that an American, Ralph Edwards, created a homestead farm at remote Lonesome Lake in British Columbia and was delighted to find perhaps two dozen trumpeters feeding in small areas where the Atmarko River current kept the water from freezing over. In severe winters he chopped open their feeding areas and shared with them his chicken feed, hauled in on the backs of packhorses.

By radio last week came word from Edwards' daughter, Trudy Turner, that the count of the trumpeters had risen this year to 512—up 25% from the 1969-70 count of 418 swans. Along with the report came a plea to the Canadian Wildlife Service for an airlift of four tons of wheat to help the birds, largest of all waterfowl, get through the winter. The wheat was needed even though 18,000 pounds of grain had been packed in last October from Bella Coola, 72 miles away. Pilots of Wilderness Airlines began flying in the wheat at the rate of 1,000 pounds a flight—enough to care for the swans for four days at the sustenance rate of a daily half pound per bird. The swans are now far in excess of the number that could be supported by natural feed in the area.

A couple of years ago a continental census of the birds estimated their number at 5,000, with the largest known concentration at Lonesome Lake. In 1912 the ornithologists had declared that "the trumpeter's total extinction is now only a matter of years." But they reckoned without Ralph Edwards.

#### AT ODDS AT ASCOT

Snorting like the horses they wager on, brave British punters set out this past week to solve the problem of decimalization to figure the odds and the payoffs under the strange new system of computing 100 pence to the pound. Up

and down the country, at race meetings at Wolverhampton, Folkestone and Ascot, they were met by sympathetic and equally confused bookies. Standing in the ring at Ascot, a fistful of £10 notes in one hand and a pair of binoculars around his neck, Bookie Ted Sturman spoke for all his colleagues when he said, "Decimal odds are a load of rubbish. If punters want to bet any other way they will. But I think decimal betting will die out."

At Folkestone, Bookie Eddie Martin's experience was typical. He began by shouting the odds in decimals ("17 to 10 Viroy") but soon reverted to the conventional way. "I had only two bets at decimal odds," he said.

The tone, however, gave odds in decimals, and so did the big bookmakers from firms like Ladbrooke's and William Hill. The latter passed out conversion cards to assist the punters.

"Decimal odds are worked out in either fifths or tenths," sighed a spokesman for William Hill. "Old odds were usually to eight or four, like 13 to 8 or 7 to 4."

The conversion tables are not perfect, however. The old 7 to 4, for instance, becomes either 17 to 10 or 9 to 5 in decimals, and it is, in fact, not quite either. At Ascot some few punters with a gift for mental arithmetic were comparing the conventional odds offered by small bookies to the decimal odds of the large hookies on the rails and choosing the more favorable.

"You've got to be bloody quick to work it out, mind you," said Simon Channon, racing journalist. "but on a £10 bet you can get an extra 10 shillings at 13 to 10 over the conventional 5 to 4."

Confused or not, the punters continued to send the money in, according to the Hill and Ladbrooke's firms, with little or no decline in business.

#### COACH ON THE COUCH

When it came to selecting a head coach the St. Louis Cardinals went all-out mad before settling on Bob Hollway, former defense coach of the Minnesota Vikings. Candidates were asked to go to Chicago and take industrial-psychology tests.

Dick Voris, defensive line coach for the Cards on the staff of former Head Coach Charley Winner, said he was not asked too many questions about foot-

ball, but impressed a tester with his "drive."

"I was asked things like what didn't I like about my mother and father and what I thought of my children. I think the test was designed to determine if I was stable and how I would react to pressure. I was asked if I was socially inclined and what my hobbies were."

"None of the football questions had anything to do with winning or losing, but what I thought of our staff, whether I would let any assistants go."

"I would be for the test if it would help defenders get to the passer."

Winner, now a Redskins assistant, disclosed that the Cardinals previously had given tests to veteran players.

"We had the veterans tested first," he said, "because we wanted to see if the results of the test would match what we already knew about the players."

"They did not. The tests showed that some of our best athletes should not be playing football. Yet some had made All-Pro."

#### NO FAVORITES

Just before game time Bill Lear of the University of South Florida in Tampa discovered that his Saint Christopher medal was missing. So he asked the team manager to find him a replacement. Eric Saland gave it a try but finally had to settle for his Star of David medal. Lear wore it, and USF prevailed over Edison Junior College 122-120 in overtime.

#### THEY SAID IT

• Eddie Robinson, Grambling football coach: "My players can wear their hair as long as they want and dress any way they want. That is, if they can pay their own tuition, meals and board."

• Norman Hess, head keeper of mammals, Philadelphia Zoo, on some incidence of ephysema in the zoo: "It is thought that it is caused by air pollution since our animals certainly don't smoke."

• Phil Johnson, Weber State College basketball coach, on his 18-5 season record: "I don't think we've been beaten by officials more than five times this season."

• George Blanda, Oakland Raider quarterback: "The other day I got a call from Hollywood saying they wanted to do my life story. The only discouraging thing was that Walter Brennan was to play my part." **END**



## The plane mechanic.

Freddy Duran might well be the best small-aircraft mechanic in the country.

He was offered \$25,000 to work in Los Angeles, but he stayed in his hometown, Santa Fe, where he's the chief mechanic for Post Aviation.

"Well, if I made a lot more money, I'd probably spend it all coming back here. It's so beautiful...like

this ghost town, where they used to play baseball when I was a kid."

Last fall, he and his wife, Charlotte, splurged on a 1966 Jaguar XKE. "It's one of those things you dream about, but don't dare hope for," says Charlotte.

"It's a lot like an aircraft in many ways," says Freddy. "And it's really a beautiful engine. I put in a new

set of Champions...I put them into all our aircraft engines, too. You probably know they're the original equipment on Jags and Ferraris.

Would you like to drive it?"



Toledo, Ohio 43601

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Jaguar owners don't have to.**

# FASTEST MAN AFLOAT

*Thanks to Dave Edgar—American record holder in the 50 and 100 freestyle—and a coach who goes in for gimmicks, Tennessee, which didn't have a swimming team four years ago, is now a national power* by WILLIAM F. REED

At the University of Tennessee, or Big Orange Country, as some insist on having it, the In sport these days isn't football or basketball. It's swimming. Four years ago Tennessee didn't even have a team. Now the Volunteer swimmers work out in a \$1.7 million Aquatic Center which has, among other features, subdued lighting, filtered air and piped-in music to train by. Their coach, Ray Bussard (pronounced buzzard), is a bright, cheerful guy who freely admits that he is really a football coach at heart. But he also has a lot of novel ideas about swimming—like the Timettes, a group of 30 striking coeds in orange miniskirts who serve as official timekeepers at home meets. Says Bussard, "It kind of makes the visiting teams lose some of their concentration."

The darling of the Timettes, and the World's Fastest Human (Afloat), is Dave Edgar (right), a tall, handsome junior who likes girls, fast sports cars and late hours—probably in that order. In his tumultuous career in Knoxville, Edgar has broken curfew almost as often as NCAA and American records.

Only two weeks ago Edgar was in, uh, hot water again. He entered his white BMW in a sports car rally and won a modest silver trophy. His fellow swimmers were properly impressed. Bussard wasn't. He rushed over to Edgar's dormitory room, where the first thing he saw was the trophy.

"Hi, Coach," said Edgar. "Look what I won."

"Arrggghhh," said Bussard.

Last Saturday night Edgar and his teammates were in Dallas for a dual meet against another unbeaten team—

Southern Methodist. This was considered to be swimming's answer to the Cotton Bowl, since each team is easily the best in its conference—Tennessee in the Southeastern, SMU in the Southwest. The SMU pool was decorated with various signs ("Hang Tenn" was one), and 2,000 Mustang fans booed when Tennessee came out wearing Bussard's latest gimmick—Davy Crockett coonskin hats. ("Just to let 'em know where we're from," said the coach.)

Much of the hooting was for Edgar and his understudy, freshman John Trembley. Earlier in the season Trembley had tied Edgar's national record of 20.5 in the 50-yard freestyle. "That's fine," said Edgar, "but I want to get back on top." He did two weeks ago in a dual meet against Alabama in Knoxville. Without psyching up, shaving down or tapering off, Edgar broke his American records in his two specialties—the 50 (20.4) and the 100 (45.0). Says Edgar, blithely, "I think I can get below 20 in the 50. That night my start was so bad I saw the other guys hit the water."

Against SMU, Edgar's speed was the difference in a thrilling meet whose outcome wasn't determined until the last split second. Early on, Edgar splashed to an easy win in the 100 in a pool-record 45.58, but that was nothing compared to his anchor leg in the final event, the 400-yard freestyle relay. As the lead-off swimmers mounted the starting blocks, the scoreboard showed that Tennessee had an inconclusive 55-51 lead. To the winner of the relay would go seven points—and the meet.

With the fans standing and screaming,

Tennessee's first three swimmers built up a two-yard lead for Edgar, who would be swimming against SMU's talented Jerry Heidenreich. But Edgar blew his last turn—"I went into the gutter," he said later—and Heidenreich had a yard advantage with less than 25 yards to go. "I thought we had it locked up," said Red Barr, SMU's veteran coach.

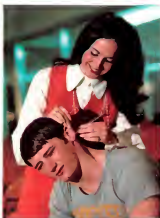
But Edgar went into high gear. He caught Heidenreich 10 yards from the wall and touched a split second ahead of him. Tennessee was timed in 3:05.25 to SMU's 3:05.66. Only the World's Fastest Human (Afloat) could have pulled it out. While the Vols mobbed Edgar, SMU was all shook about its first home loss since 1960.

For Tennessee it was another episode in a success story that has been nothing short of meteoric. In 1966 the school didn't have a decent pool and had been without a swimming team for 16 years. Then Bussard was hired, the Aquatic Center was built and things began to pop. In 1969, Bussard's second season, the Volunteers took a team of sophomores and freshmen to the SEC meet and won the title, ending Florida's 13-year supremacy. Last year Tennessee was runner-up in the SEC but finished ninth in the NAAs, (thanks to Edgar's gold medals in the sprints, now they are gunning for another SEC title this weekend in Tuscaloosa, Ala. and another high finish in the NAAs. Says Bussard, "We like to think we can be the next power in college swimming."

When Tennessee hired Bussard, the swimming world thought the appointment ridiculous. A graduate of Bridgewater (Va.) College, where he had been

continued





the No. 2 pole vaulter behind Bob Richards, Bussard spent 17 years as a high school track and football coach; his swimming credentials were limited to summer recreation programs around Chattanooga. He was given the swimming job at Tennessee only after the school had turned him down for the positions of track coach and director of the Aquatic Center.

Upon arriving in Knoxville, Bussard declared that "I think a coach is a coach, no matter what the sport," and he began applying to swimming some of the techniques and gimmicks he had learned in track and football. Everybody sat back to see what the Vols would do—swim or punt. As senior Frank Bryant, one of Bussard's first seven recruits, recalls, "My AAU coach in Cincinnati said I was nuts for going to Tennessee. He told me, 'That guy is nothing but a high school football coach.'"

Fortunately for Bussard, he had the full support of Bob Woodruff, the Tennessee athletic director and himself an old football coach. "When Ray first came to me he had a list of all the things he wanted to do," says Woodruff. "I told him that swimming was like football. The first thing you have to do in football is get yourself some horses; the first thing you have to do in swimming is get yourself some fish." Bussard did just that in 1968, his rookie season, and Tennessee's fish were 8-2 in dual meets and second in the conference.

Where many coaches have elevated swimming to an esoteric science, Bussard is an unpretentious sort who believes in keeping it simple. "I think coaches have done about as much as they can as far as the mechanics are concerned," he says. "In the future, nutrition and psychology are the things that will make the difference." What Bussard has done at Tennessee, more than anything, is to build team spirit and create a sort of instant tradition. He restricted hair length and instituted a dress code and a curfew. He plastered the Aquatic Center with posters designed to uplift ("Let me swim like a cham-

pion today"; "Zero in on zero defects") and he instituted team cheers, team awards, team insignia, team uniforms, team slogans, team prayers and even team hair dryers.

One of Bussard's more inspired moves was the integration of coeds into the program. He appointed four female managers to pass out vitamins, put drops in the swimmers' eyes and swab out their ears. He built up interest in the Timexes so that they are now a campus status symbol, ranking right up there with being a cheerleader or a majorette. Last fall 130 girls tried out for the 30 positions. At home meets the Vols—wearing bright orange warmups—bound into the pool area like a basketball team, charging through a huge wooden "T" that has swinging doors at the base. Sometimes Bussard does a little number for the national anthem: two knoekost coeds, wearing bikinis and holding an American flag, float down the pool in a canoe (the propulsion comes from a swimmer at the bow) while the crowd stands and sings. Another Bussard stunt is the ritual that takes place at road meets before the opening event, the medley relay: a Tennessee swimmer pours a bottle of water from his home pool into enemy waters. It never fails to arouse the opposition. At last year's SEC championships, for instance, swimmers from the six other participating schools formed an ad hoc committee to dip out the Tennessee water.

The waters in Knoxville aren't always untroubled. Being a former football coach, Bussard is something of a traditional moralist and disciplinarian, and he occasionally finds himself at odds with his athletes. In the fall of '69, he was confronted with a full-scale mutiny. The majority of the team and even an assistant coach wanted no curfew, no dress code and the opportunity to live off campus. "For three days we didn't go into the water," says Bussard. "We debated for hours. At first I had only one coach and two swimmers on my side, but we finally won out."

Now Tennessee's swimmers are invariably short on hair and long on neatness. Says one swimmer, "I think Coach would rather have five mediocre swimmers with short hair than 30 great ones with long hair." At times Bussard personally inspects the swimmers' dormitory rooms, but most of the police work is left to the Orange Knights, a com-

mittee of swimmers which is supposed to see to it that everyone observes training regulations. Says Bussard, "There's no room on our team for the radical or the leftist."

There is, of course, room for a rugged individualist—especially if he can swim like Dave Edgar. A native of Fort Lauderdale, Fla., where he was a national high school champion, Edgar put Tennessee on the swimming map on Jan. 17, 1970, when his 20.5 in the 50 set a national record. It happened in a dual meet at Navy, and later, when Edgar entered the mess hall at Annapolis, the midshipmen gave him a standing ovation. Then six Navy men picked up Edgar—chair and all—and hoisted him to their shoulders. They ran him from one end of the hall to the other, between lines of standing midshipmen. It was a tribute normally reserved for astronauts or football stars like Joe Bellino.

While Edgar has been Bussard's most talented fish, he also has been his sorest trial. One night during his freshman year Edgar and some buddies were out riding around Knoxville well past the curfew hour. Their car slipped off a road and Edgar's left hip was thrown out of joint. That put him out of the SEC meet—which Tennessee won, anyway—but he did have some consolation. "I got to see the Daytona 500," Edgar said.

Last season, two weeks before the NCAA's, Edgar again made waves. "I had taken my date to her dorm," he says, "but when I got back to my room she called and said she wanted to see me again. So, well, I went." He was turned in to Bussard by a member of the Orange Knights. The coach gave his star three choices: quit the team, stay home from the NCAA's or give up his scholarship. Edgar chose the last, and then got it back by winning the sprints at the NCAA's.

Now Edgar and Bussard laugh about their differences, but the coach's laugh is just a little hollow. "Dave is a good-looking kid and he also likes to have a good time, so he has problems," says Bussard with a sigh. "I've got to work to stay ahead of that boy. Every morning I get up and wonder what the news about him is going to be today."

Forget it, Coach. Your swimmers know just how you feel. Every morning they get up and wonder what their football coach is going to come up with next.

END

PHOTOGRAPH BY HEINZ KLUETHE

*Coach Ray Bussard's show-biz approach includes national anthem ceremony featuring bikini-clad students, milkshakes, bottle of Tennessee water to pour in opponents' pools; coed managers to swab out swimmers' ears.*

# FAR OUT IN MIDDLE AMERICA

*The Kansas Jayhawks just aren't doing things the way they are supposed to. Maybe that is why they are winning again* by CURRY KIRKPATRICK

It would not be totally accurate to say that the current Kansas basketball team—the one that has created excitement in Lawrence, produced fascination in Topeka and, naturally, made everything up to date in Kansas City—does everything wrong. But it would be close. For, among the affronts to their glorious tradition and storied history in the game, the Jayhawks start a center at forward, a forward at guard and a guard at the oth-

er forward. They also play two 6' 10" men who, forgetting their size and limited mobility, are ordered to press all over on defense. And, in a final, blatant rejection of all Kansas shibboleths, they run. Get it? A team that in the past always featured those big, slow, ploddy people who had been rescued off the hay wagons and coaxed out of the silos, Kansas now actually runs.

This in itself might have been enough to force the school's first coach to send down a decree from his peach basket in the sky, disowning Kansas and the game, since, after all, his name was Nasmuth and he invented it. But there is much more.

Kansas is led by a left-handed baseball pitcher, a trumpet player and a guy discovered by a stranger on a train; the team is captained by a foot-stompin', finger-poppin' soul brother named Pierre; and it is coached by a self-confessed "very conservative, very religious, staid person," who nevertheless has a long history of ulcers plus a spouse who says she is "the only coach's wife in the United States who paints nudes."

This is a team for Middle America? Well, yes. Despite all of their transgressions against everything held dear by culturists of the sport, the Jayhawks have put their sundry parts together and somehow come up with a record through last weekend of 20-1. They are also undefeated in the Big Eight Conference, an achievement of unspectacular note to those who do not realize that road trips to Big Eight country are just that, six-hour busrides. Moreover, only one Big Eight team has ever gone through a conference season unbeaten—possibly because most everybody in sight holds the ball. Or, in the words of one native of the area, "They possess it long enough to make you want to cut nails."

The tendency toward possession basketball is a legacy of Oklahoma State's Henry Iba, who, through all his years of establishing another legend in the Midlands, enjoyed only shared glory because of the domination of Kansas. That supremacy had its beginnings with a man named Forrest Allen.

Among his accomplishments during his 39 years at Lawrence, Phog Allen listed all or part of 24 conference titles, three NCAA finalists, an NCAA championship and the extraordinary feat of winning 71 games in one season (while coaching Kansas and two other college teams simultaneously). Long before anyone figured out what generation gap meant, Allen had—32 years apart—coached Adolph Rupp and recruited Wilt Chamberlain. By 1956, when Allen was forced to retire at 70, he had ramrodded the conference into its finest decade.

In the 1950s the league (then known as the Big Seven) sent six representatives to the NCAA championship round, four of them making the final game. In the past 10 years, however, the Big Eight has had only one team in the final playoffs—true grist for those detractors of Kansas' record so far this season. Except for Kansas and Kansas State, all Big Eight teams play in antiquated and cramped arenas where it is impossible to show a profit after sandwiching in burgeoning student bodies at cut rates. This has been a low blow to recruiting.

Still, as a measure of Kansas' improvement in the Big Eight over last season—when the Jayhawks lost six of their seven road games and finished second to K-State—the team's victory margin is 14 points better. Moreover, though certain reviewers judge Kansas' schedule to be suspect, the Jayhawks have beaten three well-considered teams decisively (Houston, Long Beach and Georgia Tech) and their only loss came on the road against Louisville, which has turned out to be a major power in its own right.

"Kansas is better disciplined and a better team than most," says Oklahoma City's Abe Lemons, "but their league will destroy them. Everybody stalls and packs around. Kansas is not free and easy like you have to be."

This comes as no surprise to Ted Owens, the Jayhawks' bright young coach, who, nonetheless, would opt for mean and brutal over free and easy. While Owens has built his team in the image of those past Kansas aggregations whose



No longer immobile, Dave Robisch plays all over the court, and he has not slipped yet.



every effort was concerned with getting the ball inside and jamming it down people's throats (the current starters all weigh over 200 pounds and average 6' 6"), he also has taught them a clawing, full-court zone-and-man press that gets opponents out of the delay game in a hurry. The Jayhawk frontcourt of Dave Robisch, Roger Brown and Perre Russell has played together, on and off, for three years and is one of the most fearsome physical trios on any campus. Since Russell is only 6' 4" and a natural guard, Owens has 6' 5" Bud Stallworth around to shoot outside and crash the boards himself when needed.

The Jayhawks run the break whenever possible, too. "You get a reputation and it's hard to live down," says Owens, bristling at criticism that Kansas has always done its scoring in Mack truck fashion. "We've never been as deliberate as people say. We just don't give up the ball cheaply."

Robisch, who is being courted avidly by pro baseball scouts because he "fires smoke," averaged 26.5 points a game last season in the pivot as the Big Eight player of the year, but he did nothing on defense and could not pass.

Most of that time, also, the 6' 10" Brown—whom Owens found through a railroad steward—sat on the bench; Russell and Stallworth tried to figure out what position they were playing; and Aubrey Nash, the fifth starter, missed free throws (five one-and-ones in a row against Oklahoma). "It is fairly correct to say that we were confused," says Owens of last year's team.

On the surface Kansas' turnaround is a tribute to the coach's ability to patch and mend—a pun here, a needle there—and to come up with some kind of alignment from the considerable talent he knew was all around him. Brown's improvement at the end of last season was convincing enough; Kansas had to have its two big men in the game at the same time. Stallworth's natural flair for shooting and Russell's battling work underneath and on loose balls established their positions. Finally, Owens decided the Jayhawks must press and run to open up the court and take advantage of their superior athletes. "Sometimes you're too negative about the abilities of your players," he says. "I gambled our tall guys, Robisch and Brown, could do it and they've responded."

"I thought it would kill me," says Ro-

bisch. "He ought to be 6' 10" and try all this running around."

Because of their press, the Jayhawks have become one of the leading defensive teams in the land, limiting opponents to a sickly 38% shooting average. The press has created many more opportunities for the offense, and Kansas is averaging 82 points a game, easily a school record.

Only against Louisville, a much quicker team, has Kansas faltered—and Lawrence people swear it was only because the Jayhawks were playing their third game in four nights and had not yet perfected the press. Conversely, a Missouri Valley partisan says, "We have three Valley teams that would beat them anywhere they want to play." The truth lies somewhere between the conflicting views, but even Valley crowds recognize Stallworth's worth to the Jayhawks. He scored 22 points and had 14 rebounds in the 87-75 loss at Louisville. Last Saturday night, with Brown hospitalized by flu, Stallworth scored a career-high 30 points and had 14 more rebounds as Kansas beat Missouri 85-66.

Stallworth is the catalyst. His shooting makes it impossible for the enemy to sag inside on the bigger Jayhawks. Like Brown, he may be at Lawrence by accident. Nobody at Kansas knew about him until he came from Alabama with a trumpet on his knee to a summer music camp. Jo Jo White, Kansas' superb backcourt man, saw him play pickup and alerted Owens.

"All he can play on the trumpet is taps," says Russell.

"I can play the scales," says Stallworth. "I can also play defense."

"That's the big improvement," says Gale Catlett, an assistant coach. "Bud used to play defense like he was shaving points."

Kansas' other guard position is shared by Nash, Bob Kivisto and sophomore Mark Williams. Though they come under criticism around the league, the three are averaging together 16 points, and last week Nash saved the Jayhawks with 12 second-half points in a 71-65 victory at Oklahoma.

"The inside men are our strength," says Kivisto, "but our guards play good defense. The coaches know it, but they have to keep on us. Hey, to hear the things they scream around here, you'd think we were 1 and 20."

No one connected with Kansas has-



Bud Stallworth is now the team's catalyst.

ketball can forget what the slightest slip might mean. The last time the school had a team this good, in 1966, the Jayhawks were beaten in the NCAA Midwest Regional final by eventual champion Texas Western, 81-80 in two overtimes, when Jo Jo White stepped out of bounds as he threw in what would have been the winning basket. To this day many people think Kansas was the best in the country that year.

As he mused over past disaster last week Owens suddenly remembered Valentine's Day. He was four days late.

"It's O.K.," said his wife, Nana. "He's looking into the future and wondering about playoffs. I wonder, too."

Mrs. Owens sounds suspiciously like the last girl from Kansas who thought about destiny. Her name was Dorothy, she had a dog, Toto, and she went somewhere over the rainbow.

END

# PHOOEY ON THE FORTUNE COOKIE

*Australia's Kerry O'Brien has a history of being done in by bad luck, but last week he flouted some dire tidings in a Chinese restaurant to smash the world indoor two-mile record by eight seconds* **by PAT PUTNAM**

For Kerry O'Brien it was to be the most momentous occasion of the season, the two-mile race in which he planned to set a new indoor world record. Ah, poor Kerry! Whenever he reaches out for something special, he ends up with a handful of bad luck. All last week, when he wasn't being chased from a golf course as just another jogger, he was having \$60 lifted from his wallet while being fitted for a pair of slacks. And when he was finally allowed on a golf course, as a golfer, he hit two shots and the skies opened and he was drenched. The first fairway of the Torrey Pines Golf Course was the only place in San Diego where it rained that day. "Blamey," said Kerry O'Brien. Then, on the night before the race, he opened a Chinese fortune cookie and read, "You will lose through unusual happenings."

"That does it," said Mrs. Shirley Franken, the wife of meet promoter Al Franken, who had volunteered to drive O'Brien to Tijuana the next morning. "That place is creepy enough. With Kerry's luck, we'll never get back."

Knowing that his fortune was running true to form, O'Brien was easily dissuaded from going to the den of Jose Baha and his 40,000 thieves. "If this were just an ordinary race," he moaned, "nothing would be happening." It is only during the extraordinary that O'Brien has his hapless moments. Such as at the Olympics in Mexico City, when he ran into high altitude and two keyed-up Kenyans. Stamina is the 24-year-old Aussie's longest suit, but in Mexico he staggered home fourth in the 3,000-meter steeplechase behind Ames Brunt, Ben Kopo and George Young of the U.S.

"I was so upset," O'Brien said. "Here's Bwott, fat and with a terrible technique, up on the stand getting the gold medal. I felt like shooting him. All I could think of was how badly he ran, bouncing out of the water like some bloody oar. And that horrible time: 8:51!"

It took an 8:45 to qualify for the Olympics. Four months before, Young had run an 8:30.6 to win the AAUs. O'Brien

had a lifetime best of 8:29. Last year he set the world record with an 8:22.

The week after his record run O'Brien was in Scotland for the Commonwealth Games. That little black cloud was also in Scotland. "Here I am leading," O'Brien said, "and on the next to last lap, I fall. My foot slips in my shoe. I hit the hurdle and I land 12 feet away on my rh cage. All I can do is cover my head and hope I don't get spiked. I guess that's what makes me so determined. How long can you ask an athlete to be around and ready?"

To stay ready O'Brien, who is married and a PR man for Coca-Cola in Adelaide, runs at least 100 miles a week, most of them at a punishing pace. "He's a killer," said Kerry Pearce, an Australian out of the University of Texas at El Paso. "He'll run 100 miles in 51 minutes."

In 1968 Pearce set the indoor two-mile record (8:27.2) and then faded from sight. Last fall he decided to quit track. Then he decided to give it one last try. Pearce is cast in the mold of another Aussie, Ralph Doubell, the Olympic 800-meter champion. Both are single. Both would rather run into a bar than out on a road. "More people drink than run, so there must be some good points to that, too," said Doubell. "Right on," said Pearce. "Before, track was just a way of paying for my education. That's why I wasn't giving 100%. And when I set the world record I cut my time from 9:24 to 8:27.2 in just 13 months and I was content. This year I made up my mind I wanted to see about this record, to see if I really did it or just freaked it. Surprisingly, I'm working real hard, running 17 miles a day, and enjoying it."

Going into last week's race in the San Diego Sports Arena, where he had set the record three years previously, Pearce had seven victories in 10 indoor outings, including a two-mile in Seattle last month in which he tied his world record.

In February of 1969 George Young equaled Pearce's two-mile mark in San Diego and a week later in Philadelphia set the indoor three-mile world record.

Then he quit. Said Young, "When you are 31, have two kids, have been to three Olympics and have two world records and no money, it seems kind of foolish to continue."

From early in 1968 until he retired, Young competed in 28 races, 18 of them indoors, and lost only one, the steeplechase in Mexico City. As an ex-athlete, he first taught school, then went to work for big business. "I had dealings with a lot of big corporations like Gulf Oil and General Motors," he said, "and I came away greatly disillusioned. I guess I was pushing too hard, and that makes a lot of people unhappy. When you work, the boss has to work. It's frustrating. You suggest something and you have to put it in writing with five copies. Then it comes back because a word is misspelled or something equally as silly. Then you send it back, some guy holds it for two weeks, then says he's going to send it upstairs to see what they think. I'm surprised General Motors even gets one car built."

Last year Young was offered a fellowship at Northern Arizona University in Flagstaff. He jumped at it and five months ago began to run once more. "I discovered that the only place I had found where the person who worked the hardest got the trophy was in track," he said. "The rest of life is like politics. The best man or the one who campaigns the hardest isn't always the one elected. In track nobody cares how hard you work, how hard you drive yourself. You're supposed to. The only athletes who complain about training are the professionals, and with the big money they are making, I have to wonder about them." He smiled. "I'm like most distance runners: more introspective than other athletes. You have to be. When you're running two or three hours a day, you have more time to think. And if all you think about is running, you'll soon find it's not much fun plodding alone down a road, and you'll quit. So you think about other things, like when the President gets



Aided by the highly banked curves and a no-smoking rule, O'Brien leads fellow Aussie Kerry Pearce on the final lap of the record-breaking race.

hogged down in bureaucracy you know the country is in trouble."

All last week Kerry O'Brien plodded along by his lonesome, thinking about the world record he wanted and the bad luck he didn't. This began early in the week as he ran around the almost deserted River Valley Golf Course near his hotel. As he passed the clubhouse, the public address system boomed, "No joggers allowed on the course."

"Since I'm not a damn jogger," said O'Brien, "I kept on running. Then this old guy comes out in his golf trolley and cuts me off at a bridge. I was heading for a gate less than 300 yards away. He wanted to drive me to the gate and I said, 'No, I'll run.' He said he was losing his temper. I guess I lost mine. I told him he was power-mad and I think I mentioned what he could do with his bloody trolley."

Then, in order, his 560 was stolen, his golf game was washed out and the unfortunate fortune cookie crumbled.

"Maybe," said O'Brien as they drove to the meet, "you've used up all your bad luck." As they approached the arena they saw a sign reading, SORRY, WE'RE ALL SOLD OUT.

"Great," said O'Brien. "Now I bet they won't even let me in the place."

A half hour later, someone stole O'Brien's kit bag, which contained the keys to the car and his hotel room—and his spikes. "I guess we'll have to run back to the hotel," O'Brien said. "I just hope

I get to the room before the guy who stole the key."

Then Jim Ryan tied the world indoor mile mark of 3:56.4, with John Mason, Chuck LaBenz and Dick Quax all following him home in under four minutes. It was the greatest indoor mile ever run and the crowd of 12,007 went fairly berserk.

O'Brien looked at Doubell. "What can we do to follow that?" he asked.

In reply Oubell went out in a borrowed pair of spikes and won the 1,000 in 2:06.3, the fastest time of the year and just eight-tenths of a second off his own world record. "Watching a race like Ryan's really charges you up," he said. "I'm sure if Ryan had run slower, so would I have. Watch what it does for O'Brien."

The two-mile began as expected, with Ron Pettigrew of the Southern California Striders setting a blistering pace. Pettigrew did the first quarter in 62.3, the half in 2:06 and hit the mile in 4:11.9. Then, smiling, he stepped from the track and watched the rest of the race. A quarter of a mile later O'Brien took the lead from Pearce, with Frank Shorter of the Florida Track Club and Young running a close third and fourth. With half a mile to go O'Brien moved over and gave the pace to Pearce.

"I didn't slow down," O'Brien said. "I just used a little energy to move over into the second lane. I said, 'Let's get it, mate.'"

Pearce did not hear him, but no mat-

ter. He felt like moving anyway, so he took the lead with O'Brien a step back. By now Shorter was still third but fading, and Young was a distant fourth.

"I thought Pearce was slowing things down and I almost went out in front again," O'Brien said. "But I heard the time and I thought, 'Lord, he isn't slowing a bit!'"

With a lap to go, O'Brien made his move. He sped into the lead and was pulling away when he hit the finish line in 8:19.2, the fastest two-mile ever run indoors or out; fellow Australian Ron Clarke holds the outdoor record (8:19.6). Pearce was second in 8:20.6, with Shorter third in an American record 8:26.2. Young finished fourth in 8:34.6.

"It's this track, it's beautiful," said O'Brien as he watched Oubell and Pearce set off on foot for their hotel 1.6 miles away. "That's why I pointed all my training toward breaking the record here. The banks are real high but they don't jump up at you. And you get a nice downhill run coming out of them. And the boards here are really fastened down. Another great thing is that they don't allow smoking in the arena. A lot of smoke inside really bothers me. It pinches the lungs."

Then he took off on foot for his hotel, and he didn't slow a beat as he hit the freeway, where signs warn that pedestrians are subject to arrest. There wasn't a cop in sight. For sure, O'Brien's luck has changed for the better. **END**



## WIN ONE AND THEY GIVE YOU THE AX

*But they also gave out World Cup ski points in Maine's Tall Timber Classic and along came two new cutups who are headed for the title*

by WILLIAM JOHNSON

The event was famed for 20 years among the homegrown ski racers from Kennebunkport to Moddybemps as Maine's own annual Sugarloaf Schuss, but last week the Schuss was no more. In its place upon the white and woody slopes of Sugarloaf Mountain, deep in the bush of Maine, they held something with infinitely more class. It was called the World Cup and Tall Timber Classic, and each day's program commenced with bearded lumberjacks scrambling up 80-foot white-pine poles to post the morning flags. First prizes to the skiers were engraved silver axes. So prestigious was the occasion that the United Methodist Church of Kingfield sought to enhance its Sunday collection-plate take by advertising daily "World Cup breakfasts" at \$1.00 each for ski race enthusiasts passing through town.

There were no boomers from Moddybemps entered at Sugarloaf last week. World Cup titles were up for grabs and the full circus of international ski racing had moved in among the woodchoppers. It had been a bizarre and frustrating season in Europe, and there was no superstar to illuminate the field in 1971—Jean-Claude Killy was long gone.

*Down from Sugarloaf's roller-coaster course, Austrian Anna Maria Probst and Italian Gustav Thoen both wore the look of world winners.*



to far greener pastures and Karl Schranz, winner of the cup in 1969 and 1970, was not in contention. Indeed, although the racing names were vaguely familiar to many, the leading contestants for the Earth's Alpine ski racing championships were a strangely faceless cast.

As events began at Sugarloaf, the men's World Cup list was led by Patrick Russel, France's slalom genius, with 125 points. An Italian with choirboy features, 20-year-old Gustav Thöni had 115, and next came two more Frenchmen, slalomist Jean-Noël Augert with 107, and downhiller Henri Duvillard with 105. Then, the first men's event was something of a historical and meteorological freak: the classic Arlberg Kandahar downhill—which at 43 years old is Europe's most venerable Alpine race—was to be run for the first time on a mountain of the Western Hemisphere because this winter's snowfall in Europe had been so depressingly sparse. But under bright skies and over quick snow the transplanted Kandahar seemed to be quite at home in Maine.

The 1970 world-champion downhiller, Switzerland's Bernhard Russi, charged down Sugarloaf's short, roller-coaster course and finished a full half second ahead of France's Duvillard. In third place came a small, tough-looking Italian named Stefano Anzi. As things turned out, Russi's victory cinched him the 1971 World Cup downhill medal—and it was well that it did. Two days later, a local employee struck a match inside the trailer where the Swiss team's skis were lovingly serviced and tenderly stored, and—bam!—the place burst into flames; apparently there had been a leak in bottled gas. Some \$15,000 worth of skis were reduced to black, gnarled slats before Sugarloaf snowblowers smothered the fire. Swiss racers were forced to run their giant slaloms on unfamiliar, borrowed skis.

Next day of the classic, the men staged the regularly scheduled downhill. It should be noted that the caliber of the downhill course that exists on Sugarloaf Mountain bears about as much resemblance to the murderous terrain of, say, the Hahnenkamm, as a World Cup breakfast with the Methodists of Kingfield does to a dinner at Maxin's. Many skiers found the Sugarloaf run built more along the proportions of an oversized giant slalom than a truly heart-stopping downhill. Thus, the more delicate tech-

niques of the slalomist counted almost as much as the more daring, aggressive style of the natural downhiller.

At any rate, the men's downhill at Sugarloaf may have proved to be the most surprising—possibly the most decisive—race of the overall World Cup competition for 1971. To most everyone's amazement, the winner of the silver as turned out to be the rugged little Anzi. To nobody's surprise, Austria's very good Karl Cordin finished second. Then, to everyone's astonishment, an Austrian bomber named David Zwilling flashed into the finish area and collapsed in gales of laughter. When bystanders asked what was so funny, he pointed to his feet: one of them was without a ski. He had lost it far up the course and had streaked nearly three-quarters of the run on a single board. (He was disqualified, which was a shame. But he finished.) And finally, to more wonderment, the gentle Thöni finished third. Until last week, the best downhill finish he had managed was a 12th place.

From his teammate Anzi and other friends around the finish-line fence there came cries of "Bravo, Gustavo, bravo!" Then, in a scene the powerful French have experienced often, but the so-so Italians have only dreamed about, Stefano and Gustav posed arm in arm for photographers—both with their bright lemon-yellow Spalding Formidable skis thrust out for all the world to admire. For that moment, at least, the gleaming, skintight, red race uniforms of the Italian team seemed glamorous instead of just flashy.

Thöni's unexpectedly fine finish moved him into the overall cup lead over Russel. His ultimate victory was by no means guaranteed—there were still the giant slalom at Sugarloaf and slaloms and giant slaloms to be run in Heavenly Valley, Calif. and Åre, Sweden before this marathon season ends. Nevertheless, the men's World Cup for 1971—a rather odd-looking crystal sphere the size of a volleyball stuck atop a thick glass pedestal—suddenly seemed nearer Thöni's grasp than anyone else's.

Then, on Sunday young Bravo-Gustavo made another large stride toward wrapping up the trophy for once and all. Before some 10,000 spectators assembled to watch the two-run giant slalom, Thöni pulled off still another Italian Tall Timber coup: streaking to first place down a course that was fairly soft



Racing harder, Michèle Jacot is still No. 2.

after an eight-inch snowfall the night before. He finished No. 1 in the first run and No. 2 in the second, thus edging out by 22/100ths of a second one of the burned-out Swiss team members, Edmund Bruggmann, who was racing on borrowed skis. And from whom were the skis borrowed? Well, from Gustav Thöni.

The giant slalom victory added still another 10 points to Thöni's World Cup total and when everything was added up after the fine Italian week in Maine, the combined standings showed him with 140 points. Russel, who had gained nothing at Sugarloaf, still had his 125 points but now so did Henri Duvillard, whose third in the giant slalom and second in the Kandahar gained him 20 points.

The women's World Cup seemed due to change hands, too—although it was perhaps a trifle too soon to bet a lot of cash. The 1970 winner, the pretty French champion, Michèle Jacot, 19, came to Sugarloaf trailing a lively, 17-year-old, freckle-nosed farmer's daughter from Kleinarl, Austria—Anne Marie Proell—133 points to 142.

The women's Kandahar also had been transferred to Maine from barren Europe and it covered part of the same ter-

*continued*

rain as the men's downhill—over a Sugarloaf run called Narrow Gauge (for the railroad track once used by Maine lumbermen). The farmer's daughter from Austria finished a strong first. Second came Jacqueline Rouvier, another of the endless supply of fresh French skiad who keep rising to the Republic's cause. Third was Isabelle Mir, a French veteran of 21 who had won the 1970 downhill title, and in sixth place was an effervescent American 19-year-old named Susie Corrick. She was so delighted and surprised by her best showing ever that she bounced up and down as she gurgled to reporters. "It was such a freak. I haven't figured out what I did right. I've never done anything like this." And Jacot finished seventh.

Next day, on the regular women's downhill, Anne Marie Proell finished first again. Again Rouvier was second, and

Annie Famoso, the on-going essence of feminine French skiing competence, ended up third. Jacot raced home seventh again.

The women's giant slalom, last of their events at Sugarloaf, came in the early throes of an all-day blizzard on Saturday. And while the brunette Mlle. Jacot finally got her overdue victory, young Proell would not fall back; she finished second. Thus, after picking up two silver axes and a second-place finish in three days in the Tall Timber, Fräulein Proell left Sugarloaf with a solid lead of 177 points to 158 over Jacot. Young though she is, the pretty Proell seemed a likely candidate to become skiing's premier child-champion of the world for 1971, and certainly a strong possibility for a gold medal or two—or three—in Sapporo '72.

Though there were complaints about

Sugarloaf's technical deficiencies as a top-class racing area, everyone agreed that Maine had offered excellent snow and exceedingly fine course preparation. "Given the modesty of the mountain," said French Coach Jean Béranjer, "they have done all anyone could wish to make these good races. All of Europe this year has been a *mal de tête*, a misery and a milieu of constant nervous tension." Indeed, although a biting chill enveloped the continent most of the season, the shortage of snow was rampant. Time and again race locations were changed and the full contingent of competitors was sent off on wild, all-night rides to new venues where officials hoped to guarantee a strip of snow. The Lauberhorn men's downhill and slalom were transferred from Wengen to St. Moritz; the famed Hahnenkamm downhill was moved from Kitzbühel, Austria to Megève, France; the women's downhill at St. Gervais was hurriedly sent off to Pra Loup and, finally, the Kandahar downhills came to Maine.

Then, too, the weather was not the only burden to rest heavy upon the backs of World Cup skiers this season. The usual disagreeable pre-Olympic hassle over the eligibility and good faith of the world's best Alpine racers had once more arisen. IOC President Avery Brundage had called into question the motives of 10 top skiers who had received \$50 a day and expenses last summer (with FIS sanction) for participating as coaches in a Lange Co. training camp at Mammoth Mountain, Calif. Beyond that, the irrepresible Last Victorian had hinted that he just might disqualify no fewer than 35 other contestants because they had appeared (also with FIS sanction) in advertisements for ski equipment.

The folly of Brundage's insistence on Puritan amateurism in skiing has long been obvious if for no other reason than it is an attempt to force an essentially aristocratic sense of values upon a sport that is—for European competitors, at least—a matter of flat economic necessity. While American racers may be willing to compete without promise of steady pay or a better career, Europeans are not. As the cool, young (33) Béranjer put it: "For most men racers from Europe, a future career depends on how well he skis. Most French skiers are from the country or the mountains and they do not have great opportunities to fulfill their peak ambition unless they can ski for France. Skiing be-

*continued*

PHOTOGRAPH BY ERIC SCHWIMMER



For the first slalight, Austria's David Zwilling did most of the downhill on one leg.



and then the trailer burned down, leaving the Swiss racing team with a lot of sizzled skis.



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Late last week at Sugarloaf, it seemed that the critical impasse between Brundage and world-class Alpine ski racing just might be coming to a point of decision. On Friday night FIS President Marc Hodler arrived suddenly in the Maine woods from Berne, Switzerland and was met there by FIS Vice President Dr. Amos (Bud) Little of Helena, Mont. With extraordinary candor, the two discussed the state of affairs between the IOC and the FIS.

"As we say in Montana, 'I broke my pick' on this thing in January after we met with IOC people in London," said Bud Little. "I was led to believe things were looking better for a realistic settlement, then Avery threw it all up in the air again by sending out a questionnaire to all the national Olympic committees asking for a vote about Alpine skiing."

Hodler said, "I think the poll was just a procedural thing that Avery did because he felt things might not be going his way. The questions were perhaps a trifle, ah, loaded. First, he asked the committees to vote on the question of the Mammoth Mountain payments. Second, he asked if an Olympic contestant should be allowed to wear advertising on his uniform. Third, he asked if the committees thought that a chap who earns \$50,000 a year from skiing should be considered an amateur. And, fourth, he asked if they thought the FIS plan to allow  $5\frac{1}{2}$  months broken-time payments for training is realistic. The replies have been coming into the IOC office in Lausanne, but the people there are not allowed to open any of them. That is for Avery himself to do.

continued

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THE AX continued

Perhaps he is going to be judge, jury and district attorney all by himself. But this thing may be working against him. Already I have received word from many IOC members who oppose the validity of this mail vote. They have refused to vote on the grounds that they do not have any facts available on which to make a decision."

"Frankly," said Bud Little, "I think we've gotten to the point where Avery's hypocrisy is greater than ours. Unless we reach some point of understanding, we have no choice but to withdraw from the Olympic position."

Hodler added, "We don't want our people to be when they are forced to sign an amateurism oath before the Olympics. It has gotten to the point where FIS members are pressuring me to get out of the Olympics, to let it go. Oh, there are many points where we can come to agreement with Avery, I'm sure. We do not favor bizarre commercialization of the sport and we don't like the exploitation of individuals as advertising symbols. I suppose we might even find a way to agree on broken-time payments—although Avery is very set in his views on this. But one thing we cannot compromise on is the Mammoth Mountain situation—that was based on a principle we agreed on with the IOC many years ago. We cannot back down."

Quite bluntly, Hodler said that he was "essentially cautious" about the entire controversy and he added ominously, "If the worst happens, we can hold an Alpine World Championship for 1972 in a matter of weeks on the courses at Val Gardena, Italy. Perhaps it won't come to that."

Perhaps not. Two days after he arrived at Sugarloaf, Marc Hodler along with Bud Little flew to New York and drove to the country home in Pound Ridge, N.Y. of Björn Kjellström, another FIS vice president. There, at a "little family lunch" on Sunday, the FIS brass sat down with none other than Avery Brundage himself. When Brundage left it was long after dark. And Hodler said, "I believe we did something constructive today. We have at least agreed on a basic cooperation."

Whatever progress was made in Pound Ridge, there is one sad but certain fact: If Alpine sking is forced out of the XI Winter Olympics, the games in Sapporo next year will take on approximately the same appeal as the former Sugarloaf Schuss.

END

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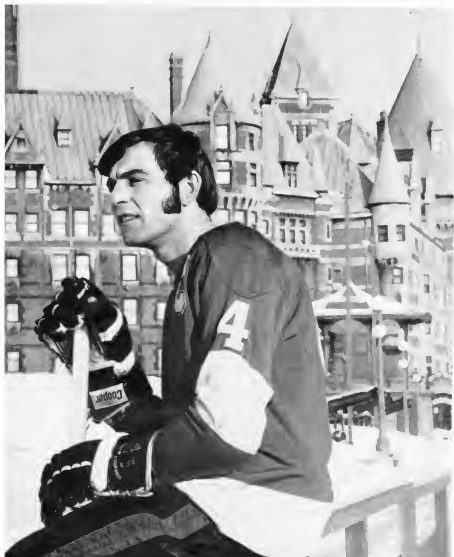
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***TO PICK A GOLDEN FLOWER***



For years, while they finished first, all that the Montreal Canadiens watched was the top of the NHL standings. But this season the Canadiens are skating along in third place with no hope of catching the Boston Bruins, and their eyes are directed down—way down. The goal in Montreal is this: to make sure the California Golden Seals finish *last*.

To that end—and to that end alone—the Canadiens traded Ralph Backstrom to Los Angeles a few weeks ago, when the Kings began a dangerous slide toward the cellar. For that reason and no other the Canadiens gave Center Gordon Labossiere to the Minnesota North Stars when the fading Stars were desperate for goals. The very next time the North Stars met the Seals they beat them 7-1, and three of the seven were scored by Labossiere. Smart trade, noted all of Montreal.

There are those in the know who say that if any team in the NHL should show signs of displacing the Seals at the bottom of the combined East-West rankings, Montreal General Manager Sammy Pollock would show up at rink-side offering a Beliveau or Cournoyer to pull them out of the slump.

Why?

The reason is the latest flower of Canada's junior hockey program, Guy Lafleur.

There was a time when the two Canadian members of the NHL—Montreal and Toronto—did not have to concern themselves much over acquiring top junior hockey players; they owned them practically from birth. But new draft rules adopted some years back changed matters to give the Canadiens and the Maple Leafs only a slight preference in choosing young players, and three years ago even that advantage was taken away. Now the Canadian teams must compete in the draft on equal terms with everyone else. And everyone else has his eye on Guy Lafleur.

Last season the flashing right wing of the Quebec Remparts scored 146 goals in 83 games. Already this season this 19-year-old 6-footer, who is cast in the mold of Rocket Richard, has scored more than 100 goals, and only recently he helped his team beat Rosemont by making seven goals himself and assisting on four others. It is obvious to every scout in the league that young Lafleur could play as important a part in the Canadiens' fu-

ture as his idol, Jean Beliveau, who also played in Quebec, did in their past. It is obvious, too, that the Canadiens will do everything in their power to sign him up. The first and best way to do that is to keep the California Seals in last place, for the Seals, you see, traded their first draft pick to Montreal last year.

When and if the Canadiens get Guy Lafleur, sportswriters on this side of the border will surely begin calling him "another Orr." But in French-speaking Quebec they have long been calling him something like that. "*Il est en or*," the Quebecers say of Guy, meaning that he is their Golden Boy.

When Jean Beliveau left their city some 17 years ago to play for the Canadiens, the Quebecois began to lose interest in Canada's national sport. Over the years the city's team, the Aces, averaged barely 1,000 customers a game at the arena they built for Beliveau. Then came Lafleur and later a new name for the team: the Quebec Remparts. Suddenly the box office at the 10,000-seat Coliseum began to hum again. "Everyone is coming to see *Les Remparts*," crowed one official of the team. "Ah, no," Roland Mercier, who once signed Beliveau for the Aces, corrected him. "They come to see Guy Lafleur."

Like most Canadian boys Lafleur grew up with his eye on a puck. His family lived in Thurso, a lumbering town about 25 miles from Ottawa. "My father is a welder, and he took me out to play hockey for the first time when I was 4 years old," says Guy. "I played in all the various leagues—Mosquito, Peewee, Bantam and Midget—and when I was 14 I received a letter from a Paul Dumont asking me if I'd come to Quebec City and play hockey in the junior program there."

Guy's father rebelled at the thought of his 14-year-old son living with a strange family in Quebec City and declined the offer. But when Dumont wrote again a year later the answer was yes.

As Guy soon discovered, junior hockey is a lonely life for a boy. Each year he was placed with a different family living near the Coliseum. "The first year was the worst," he says. "I was only 15, and most of my teammates were 18 and 19. I was too young to go out with them, and I didn't know too many other people in the city. It was pretty terrible at times."

by MARK MULVOY

They cannot finish in first place, but the Canadiens are fighting to be first in line for the rights to a blooming Guy from Quebec



STICK IN HAND, Guy Lafleur sits in Quebec dressing room beneath a photo of his hero.

continued

"We look after everything for our boys," says Paul Dumont. "We give them pocket money, get them a room, see that they go to school and, of course, let them play hockey. It is a tough life, sure. But it also is a very rewarding life."

Now Lafleur has finished his schooling, something many junior players never do, and he has his own quarters close to the Coliseum. Guy probably earns somewhere between \$12,500 and \$20,000 for playing amateur hockey with the Remparts. He won't discuss the total, but of money in general he says, "I buy lots of clothes and I put the rest in the bank. For now that is the best place."

For Guy Lafleur a game day in Quebec City means that he will be Exhibit A once more, and he generally arrives at the Coliseum at 3:30 for an 8:15 contest. "I like to sit in the Coliseum by myself and think about the game," he says. "I play over in my mind what I think the game will be like, and I always see myself scoring between three and six goals." All afternoon the phone rings in the Remparts office. Suzanne Belanger, the petite secretary, writes down names and hands them to Jean Sawyer, the publicist, who later will give them to Maurice Filion, coach of the Remparts. "Scouts," Sawyer explains, using one of his few English words.

After his "psych session," as he calls it, Guy walks down to the Remparts' dressing room to check his skates and his sticks. Alongside his locker stall, taped to a wall, is a large color picture of Jean Beliveau in his Canadian uniform. "That man is my hero," Guy says. "I may never be able to play hockey like him but I'd like to be the man he is." Guy's fingers go down the blades of his skates. His hands are enormous.

"I used to milk cows and rake hay during the summers when I was young," he continues. "I've always had big hands because of that. In hockey big hands are very important." Some of the other Remparts drop into the room, and they start to kid Lafleur about something. "Go ahead, tell him," they say. Guy remains silent, so one of his teammates tells a story.

"One night Guy has four goals after the second period at Cornwall," the player says, "and a photographer asks him if he's going to score again. Guy says yes, and the photographer asks him how? So Guy says he will skate behind

the net, come out in front and shoot from 20 feet—face-on at the camera—in the first minute of play. Darned if he doesn't, and he scored the goal, too."

Before one recent game Bernie Geoffrion, now a scout for the New York Rangers, brought Jepp George, another Ranger scout, into the Remparts' dressing room to see Lafleur. Then Boom Boom talked with Claude Dolbec, the coach of the Shawinigan Bruins. Lafleur's opposition that night, Both Geoffrion and Dolbec agreed that, among other things, Lafleur is too strong for the Junior "A", that he should be in the NHL now. Indeed, he has scored almost twice as many goals as any other player in the league.

There are three Junior "A" leagues in Canada—the Quebec League containing the Remparts, the Ontario Hockey Association and the Western League. Of the three the Ontario League is rated the strongest by far, with the Western League second and the Quebec League third. "Maybe I'm not getting the opposition I should have," Guy says, "but I don't think it's hurting me. I keep working on my whole game, not just scoring."

At precisely 8:15 p.m. the Remparts skated onto the ice to a musical chorus waiked only by the sing-along atmosphere of the St. Louis Blues' arena. The people were standing four deep in many places, even though there were a few empty seats high in the end balconies. "They want to see Lafleur up close," a local broadcaster explained. It was not a good game, and the crowd was silent throughout the first period. Then, in the second period Lafleur, backchecking tenaciously, stole the puck at center ice and started to skate swiftly down the right wing. The whole Coliseum was electrified.

Ten feet inside the blue line Guy shifted toward the center, almost forcing the defenseman to collide. He dropped his left shoulder, then wiggled his head half a dozen times, faking both defensemen to their knees. Instead of shooting, though, he veered sharply to his right. "That kid," said an awed Lynn Patrick of the St. Louis Blues, "has more moves than a monkey on a nule of vine."

Seconds later Lafleur had a clear shot on the goaltender, who suddenly seemed uncertain. "Slap shot. Wrist shot. Backhand. He has all the shots and he always uses the right one," murmured Al Millar of the Buffalo Sabres.

This time it was the wrist shot, safer than the slap shot under the conditions. Flash. The red light was on. Lafleur had scored again, and the people in the Coliseum started their sing-along: "*Il est en or*," they chanted. "*Il est en or*."

Lafleur scored another goal that night, and also got an assist. He played a very disciplined game—the type of game NHL coaches prefer—and rarely strayed away from his right wing. "Very professional," said Geoffrion.

But Lafleur, like all good players, also can play it rough if necessary. "When there's a fight," Geoffrion said later, "he does not look at the clock." "They call him chicken sometimes," added Coach Filion, "because he won't fight everyone who wants to fight him. But I want him on the ice, not in the penalty box. And when he does fight it's a one-punch knockout."

One thing Lafleur did against Shawinigan that escaped general attention but caught the eyes of the scouts was the manner in which he handled a Shawinigan defenseman, Ghislain Boisvert, after Boisvert had illegally manhandled him near the goal. When the action turned back up ice Lafleur retaliated swiftly. Boisvert suddenly was on the ice, and the referee, who missed the incident, had to call time out while the Shawinigan trainer attended to the defenseman. "Lafleur's already learned some of Gordie Howe's old tricks," said Roland Mercier.

Lafleur and the Remparts lost to Shawinigan 5-4 that night, only their third loss all year. Before their next game Lafleur and his coach flew to Montreal, where Guy received a plaque from the Club Médaille d'Or as the outstanding French-Canadian athlete of the month. Of course, someone asked him if he would like to play for the Canadiens? Guy only smiled.

Playing for *Les Canadiens* in The Forum at Montreal is supposed to be the dream of every French-Canadian youngster, but Guy Lafleur is not thoroughly convinced Montreal is the right place for him next year. "I want to get a lot of ice time," he said last week, "and I'm afraid Montreal will keep me on the bench or send me to the minor leagues. I see what Gilbert Perreault is doing for Buffalo [29 goals so far as a rookie] and I want to get a chance like him. You know, I would not hate Buffalo myself."

How about that, Canadiens? END



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# THE BOXER AND THE SLUGGER

**T**he classic confrontation in prizefighting—the best of all possible matchmaking—is between a man who can hit and a man who is adept at not getting hit; in short, a fight between a puncher and a boxer. But the terms are not mutually exclusive. A boxer may well have a strong punch of his own; he simply waits for the precise moment to deliver it, meanwhile confounding his opponent with a variety of feints and draws, bobbing or weaving or fading away as the slugger strives to reach him. It is very much like a matador maneuvering a bull into position for the kill. Except that sluggers are usually less suicidally inclined than bulls.

In any event, it makes for a most interesting match, and over the years the very best fights in the heavyweight di-

vision have always been between those boxers who could win on points and fighters who could win with one punch—boxer Jack Johnson vs slugger Jess Willard, Gene Tunney vs. Jack Dempsey, Billy Conn vs. Joe Louis, Ezzard Charles vs. Rocky Marciano. In this selection the slugger won three out of four, lending credence to an old adage, "Always go with the banger."

But that may be just one more commonly accepted notion waiting to be destroyed by Muhammad Ali. He is a superb boxer for a heavyweight; perhaps, as he says, the greatest of them all. And he is a mighty good puncher, too. In Joe Frazier he meets the very model of the relentlessly oncoming slugger. The fight, on March 8 at Madison Square Garden, will surely rank with the classics depicted on the following pages.


—MARTIN KANE

One of prizefighting's greatest debates has been whether Willard really did knock out Johnson in the 110<sup>th</sup> heat of Havana on the afternoon of April 15, 1915 (see "Willard vs. Johnson," *Boxing News*, page 2). Years later, took a \$50,000 bribe to throw the fight. Now a rare film (from which the drawings on the opposite page were made) establishes that Willard scored a clean knockout with a devastating right. It came in the 26<sup>th</sup> round. Johnson, the boxer, had dominated the bout until

the 25<sup>th</sup> when Willard caught him with a blow to the pit of the stomach. Johnson's face contorted in agony. In the next round a Willard right to the head put Johnson down. To protect his legs from the hot canvas, he said years later, and his right arm "shaded" his eyes. But the film shows clearly that there was no shadow on his eyes, and seconds later it records his legs collapsing to the canvas, hot or not. The verdict of history must be in Willard's favor.


# WILLARD-JOHNSON





## DEMPSEY-TUNNEY





**T**he Long Count—those 14 seconds are the most famous in boxing history. On Sept. 22, 1927, a year and a day after they had fought in Philadelphia, Jack Dempsey, now the challenger and Gene Tunney, now the champion, met once more in Chicago before 104,943 fans. As before, Tunney was outboxing Dempsey; then, in the seventh round the challenger caught the champion with a left-right combination and followed it with a barrage that left Tunney reeling on his white trunks, one glove clutching the ropes (right). Before the bout both fighters had agreed to a new rule that the man scoring a knockdown must go immediately to the farthest neutral corner, whereupon the referee would start the count. But that was not Dempsey's style. He went to the corner nearest the stricken Tunney, while Referee Dave Barry ordered him, at first without effect, to observe the rule. Dempsey finally obeyed and Barry began the count. An instant before he pounded 10 Tunney got to his feet, still shaky and apparently easy prey. But the champion then began a retreat (left, above) that Napoleon would have admired. Tunney weathered the round, floored Dempsey in the 10th (left) and won the decision.



## LOUIS-CONN



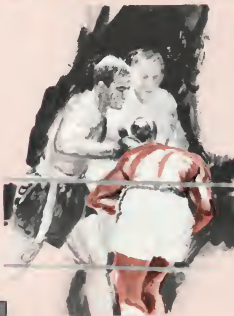
**H**e was such an outstanding boxer that some experts picked Billy Conn to be the next heavyweight champion when he was just a middleweight. On the night he met Joe Louis for the title, June 18, 1941, Conn still was only a lightweight, at 174 pounds he was dwarfed by Louis' 199's. But the prophecy almost came true. After two inconclusive rounds the boyish-looking challenger began to dominate the mature champion. Conn's flummie piled up points, and his evasive tactics confused the plodding Louis. Billy was hitting (above) when

he wanted to, retreating when he had to. Until the 11th round, that is, when he decided, against the advice of his corner, to take on the bigger man in a slugging match. It was an absurd notion, but for a time it actually paid off, perhaps because Louis was surprised. Conn won the 11th. Even so, his corner again urged caution. Conn shrugged off the advice. He won the 12th too, sending away with good left hooks. But in the 13th the inevitable occurred: Louis caught Conn with a right and followed it with an overlight (opposite) that ended only when Billy went down—and out.



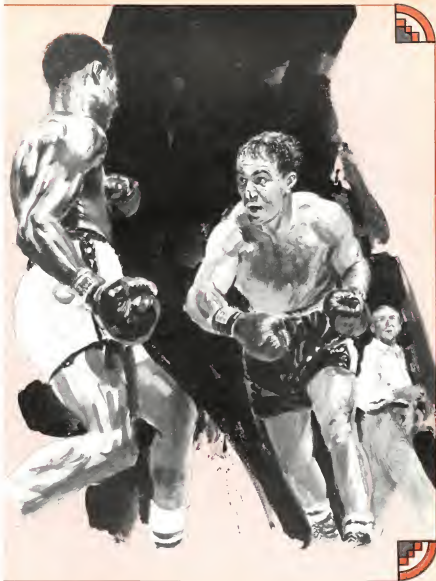


## MARCIANO-CHARLES



**R**ocky Marciano had not an ounce of subtlety in his squat body. What he had was power. He pounded his opponents to the canvas by brute strength and ceaseless aggression along with a certain disregard for the rules of gentlemanly jousting. He took a dozen punches all but heedlessly to get past another fighter's guard in order to deliver one battering, short-armed blow of his own—or more than one, depending on how many were necessary. But, oddly enough, the first time he met Ezzard Charles—a good sound boxer—he won in 15 rounds, by decision. No other fighter had gone more than 13 with Marciano. Had Rocky won by outboxing a boxer? Not really. He had outslugged a boxer over the full distance. They met again, three months later, on Sept. 17, 1954, and this time it was different. Rocky lost the first round, some said, and that was all. He knocked Charles down in the second and, though his nose was split in the sixth round (right), he was in command the rest of the way. The end came in the eighth, when Charles went down for a three-count from a long right, then succumbed to a clean knockout from a left hook and a right cross. After two more fights Rocky retired, never beaten.





# ALI-FRAZIER



ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROBERT HANDVILLE

**N**ow comes Muhammed Ali, superb boxer, to challenge slugger Joe Frazier. Both were Olympic champions, neither has known defeat as a professional. Ali has knocked out 25 of 31 opponents, Frazier has knocked out 23 of 26. What separates them is their unique styles. Ali is the very epitome of a clever heavyweight. The old movies establish that he is superior in this regard to Johnson or Tunney. And he can punch, as his record proves. But he never has met a man like Frazier whose style reminds one—at least superficially—of Marciano's and whose punch may be just as devastating, though these considerations never can be measured with accuracy. The nimble Ali, with his uncanny ability to stay just out of range of an opponent's punches—especially those aimed at his face—and the slogging, deadly earnest Frazier are today's premier asponents of the two basic styles involved in the ring. Ali's long left opposes the crouching, charging Frazier attack; the body blows of Frazier against the head punching of Ali. And finally there is the supreme test of the coolness under pressure of both men. On this score, Frazier never has been questioned. Ali, on occasion, notably in his match with the classic Englishman, Henry Cooper—who put him down—has needed steadying from his corner.



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The You've Come a Long Way, Baby (though we aren't sure where from on the way to what). Award of the Week goes to **Juile Heldman**. Asked if she'd wear hot pants, the tennis player said, "On the street, maybe. But not playing tennis!"

Somebody ought to get **Henry Alper** a flask. A while back the owner of three-time British hurdle champion Persian War entered another of his steeds, Lucky Streak, in a race sponsored by Stone's Ginger Wine. According to a London *Daily Express* story, Alper stopped in at the bar set up by the liquor firm and for some reason was told he didn't belong there. A week later Persian War ran at Newbury in a hurdle race sponsored by Schweppes—a race he'd won last time it had been run. For the occasion Schweppes had on cocktails and a champagne lunch for \$50, but Mr. and Mrs. Alper went to the Schweppes and . . . well, they came away thirsty. "It soon became apparent that we weren't welcome," Alper said. That was an understatement. The man from Schweppes—a PR chap named Eustace, not the commander named Whitehead—told Alper the firm was interested only in its customers, not in racing people, and he later accused Alper of gate-crashing. "He should not have come into our tent," sniffed Eustace.

Afterward, Alper announced that not only would he never enter Schweppes' tent, he would never enter their race again, either. Curiously refreshing.

**Joe Namath** has torn some muscles in his back, and his future, according to the *Morning Telegraph*, is very much in doubt. Joe Namath, the horse, you understand.

◆ Britain's Prince Charles rode a pony named Christine Keeler to score four goals and

two victories for the Nairobi Polo Club recently. There was a little discussion beforehand about the propriety of offering the visiting prince a mount named for the former playgirl, but club members decided that, since Christine was the best and most willing pony around, why Charles should have her, that's all.

A Manhattan settlement house recently offered charitably minded New Yorkers a chance to challenge tennis champs **Clark Gracner**, **Manuel Santana**, **Roy Barth** or **Gene Scott** on the courts of the Midtown Tennis Club in exchange for a \$25 contribution. The program informed the challengers that they'd get their donations back if they could take two points out of 10 from one of the experts, which is a splendid idea—if you're not trying to raise money. It seems, first of all, that organizer Scott had meant for the programs to say three points. Then it further turned out that Santana hadn't been told about the money-back arrangement and played (shall we say?) charitably against some



of his opponents. He was suitably abashed when he learned the truth. "I did not know yes!" he said. "They would have got no points!" Speaking of getting the point, Manuel. . .

The San Diego Chargers' **Lance Alworth** was married recently to the former **Marilyn Gallo**. Both had been married before. Both have two children by their previous marriages. Got that so far? Anyhow, the ceremony was unusual in a couple of ways. First, the pair vowed to live together for "as long as we both shall love." And then when the judge came to the part about "Do you, Lance, take" etc., instead of letting it go with Marilyn, he asked did Lance take Marilyn, Bradley and Gregory as his "lawful wedded family"? And he asked Marilyn did she take Lance, Lance Jr. and Kelley? Does that mean all the kids are married, too?

**President Nixon** held his reception for the Council on Physical Fitness last week and chuckling their way through the reception line came **Andy Granatelli** and his wife, **Dolly**—chuckling because the President had just told the 250-pound Granatelli that he was in perfect physical shape. Andy and Dolly aren't getting our Perfect Physical Shape Award of the Week, however. Dolly blew it on her way from the East Room when she tripped and broke her foot.

Cowboy Owner **Clint Murchison**, who doesn't have to worry a whole lot about credit credibility, is in the habit of signing his bill when he checks out of a hotel. When he tried it recently in Cleveland, however, the cashier looked him over and said firmly, "You're not Clint Murchison."

"I'm not?"  
"No," the cashier informed him. "He stays with us a lot, and you're not him." Murchison took this calmly enough, but his



next question indicates why he's an employer instead of an employee.

"Tell me," he asked, "when he says here, does he pay cash?"

"Yes."

"Good!" said Murchison.

◆ **Corporal Bodacious** here has just become one of some 4,500 stockholders in the Memphis Pros of the American Basketball Association. He affixed his pawprint on his very own certificate shortly after the club put out its first public issue recently. Perhaps the most surprising aspect of the transaction, however, is that someone of his background (Corporal B. is the son of Big Red Dreadnought and the Duchess, Lady Fearmought of Waterford) should be the owner of a mere 10 shares. The recession, obviously. It's hit everyone—ah, everybody.

Never mind *The President's Analyst*, the Vice-President's golf pro has spoken! **Mus O'Linger** of the Ocean City, Md. Yacht and Golf Club, says of **Spiro T. Agnew**, "He loves golf for what it is." Great, Mus, but in Agnew's case what is it?



When Anne Robbins goes into the St. Peter's locker room, the players don't give it a thought

## A lady in the shower?

As evenings go, Bobby Larkin's was not the kind that was going to make him any fonder of officials. He had fouled out of the game that night back in 1964, and the harsh shriek of whistles still rang in his ears, he was, quite frankly, looking for revenge. So it was that he waited quietly in the St. Peter's of New Jersey locker room until the two referees were undressing for their showers. "Gentlemen," he said then, nodding casually toward a small, attractive woman on the other side of the room who was talking to a player. "Don't you think it would be decent to wait at least until the boy's mother leaves the room?"

Although the officials stampeaded for cover in a storm of shirts and trousers and socks, the St. Peter's players—after they stopped laughing—paid no more

attention to the lady than if she had indeed been the mother of each of them. Probably less. Anne Jerene Robbins was not the mother of anyone; she was the St. Peter's team doctor—and still is.

That an unmarried, engaging woman in her early 40s should become the doctor for the then all-male Jesuit-run college in Jersey City is not so difficult to fathom if one is familiar with the way things happen at St. Peter's. The Po-socks are coached by a blustery, red-faced Irishman named Don Kennedy, who has fathered nine children and taken on a striking resemblance to Nikita Khrushchev. As a basketball coach, Kennedy is a great believer in a style of play that can best be described as organized panic. His teams, always under-sized, invariably employ a full-court press on defense, while on offense they fast break so furiously that they really do run the opposition off the court. Rich Rinaldi, this year's star, is gunning at a 28.6-point clip and everybody loves the wildness of it all.

But Dr. Robbins hated basketball at first. The game was too confining, she felt, and she much preferred to race her 14-foot sailboat or challenge the Colorado River rapids on a raft. She inherited the desire to meet such challenges, she says, partially from her father, "a half-breed Indian cowpuncher," but most of all from her mother, "a former track motorcycle rider with the Harley-Davidson Motor Company. She is 82 now and a two-fisted drinker who can belt it down with any man and still hold it like a lady."

Dr. Robbins, a surgeon, got started in basketball when a friend dragged her to a game in 1962 and she volunteered to sew up an injured Sienna player. By the time she finished, the game was over and the boy's teammates were standing around, too paralyzed to undress for their showers. Doctor Robbins quickly left the room. Shortly afterward someone suggested that Dr. Robbins should attend all of St. Peter's home games. She gave in, and before she realized it she was the team's official physician.

"I don't know how it really happened," says Kennedy today. "One minute she was sitting in the stands, the next minute she was on the bench, and one day I looked up and there she was in the locker room taping my players."

"I think when they suggested that I be the team's physician," says Dr. Rob-

bins, "they thought I would give these quick stethoscopic examinations, maybe tape an ankle or stitch a scalp wound, and that was all. But I'm a very thorough physician. When I examine someone I examine him from head to toe."

During the first few years, Dr. Robbins approached the team gingerly. She says she knew, finally, that she had been accepted when she gave the players their hernia examinations. She had dreaded the moment, but when she told the first player in line to cough, he let out a prolonged, satisfied sigh. The rest laughed so hard they almost ruptured themselves.

Today, Dr. Robbins moves in easily among the players that, involuntarily she finds herself talking like one of them. On a recent trip in the South she became so incensed at a referee's treatment of one of the black St. Peter's players that she found herself shouting, "You're all white supremacist s.o.b.s."

Another disadvantage of her job, says Dr. Robbins, is that her easy familiarity with the players causes them to forget at times that she is still a woman. A couple of years ago, to emphasize her point, she appeared at the University of East Carolina in a blonde wig, textured stockings and a chiffon mindress that showed "I still have a pretty good leg on me at the age of 52." When Coach Kennedy finally recognized her, he says, "I forbade her to go into the dressing room. The players would have had a fit."

This season marks Dr. Robbins' ninth as the team physician, and if she isn't dressing as a lady, she is wearing clothes the boys like. On their last road trip they made her buy a pair of bell-bottoms and an Indian headband, which she wears to games. "They keep me thinking young," she says wistfully.

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## THE WEEK

by SANDY TREADWELL

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**MIDWEST** John Dremo, head coach of Louisville, had not watched his team perform since early January when he suffered a heart attack. Last week, though, his doctors allowed him to sit in the stands during the Cardinals' game with Drake, and mercifully it was a peaceful evening. During one six-minute period in the first half the Cards out-

scored the Bulldogs 22-3. They won 94-52, prompting Dremo to say, "One of the best games Louisville ever played." The following game against Wichita State might have been one of Louisville's worst. The team squandered a 12-point lead at the half, committed seven fouls in three minutes and watched Wichita snuk 26 of 39 shots to send the game into overtime. Louisville finally won with 12 seconds remaining. "Coach, the medics ought to give you a clean bill of health," a shaken spectator told Dremo. "They couldn't devise a tougher test."

Less calm was Al McGuire of Marquette. His Warriors drew 14 fouls in the opening half against Air Force. After receiving a technical of his own, McGuire exploded at Jim Chones for the same sin. "He threw his shirt on the floor," McGuire said. "I don't mind if it's me with the officials, but the players have to leave them alone." The players left the Falcons for dead, 77-62.

The Big Ten remained in doubt. Ohio State defeated Wisconsin 79-71 and Northwestern 84-72 to stay one game behind Michigan. The league title will be decided when the Buckeyes and Michigan meet Saturday.

1. MARQUETTE (25-6) 2. KANSAS (20-1)

**EAST** "Sure it's a big crowd," said Fordham's Charlie Yelverton of the largest regular-season gathering (119,500) for college basketball in Madison Square Garden history, "but all these people came to see if we were for real. They came to see us lose to Notre Dame." Not all of them did. One Fordham student passed around mimeographed sheet music parodying the British rock opera *Jesus Christ Superstar*. One verse read: "Charlie Y, Superstar, you'll score much more than Austin Carr." Carr outscored Yelverton 29-28, but Yelverton fouled out with almost seven minutes to go. Ram Guard Bill Mauer took up the slack, and Fordham won 94-88.

It was an uncomfortable week for Philadelphia sportswriters. "They are a bunch of clowns," said 6'10" Barry Nelson of Duquesne. "After we heat Villanova, they described us with phrases like 'you need a whip and a chair' and 'unaged animals' and 'toss them raw meat.'" Duquesne appeared to be no more civilized on Wednesday against LaSalle, making 17 of its first 23 shots and winning 95-86. Then the Dukes relaxed against St. Peter's and barely beat the Peewees and their lady Doc 104-98.

"You're writing about the superstars in town," admonished Penn Coach Dick Harter to those Philly writers, "but I don't know if even the two All Americans [Villanova's Howard Porter and LaSalle's Ken Durrett] could give us what Corky does." Corky Calhoun is a defensive specialist who scored a career-high 28 points during a surprisingly easy 103-72 rout of Harvard. The

next night he had his usual nine points, and Penn toyed with Dartmouth 102-75.

Syracuse, winner of six straight games and 10 of the last 11, downed St. John's of Brooklyn 78-73 and Connecticut 97-76. Holy Cross won its ninth in a row, 103-73 against Connecticut, after considerable confusion in Storrs, Conn. A bomb threat cleared the gym of 4,000 spectators and Governor Thomas Meskill. The game was finished without spectators.

1. PENN (20-4) 2. DUQUERNE (19-3)

**SOUTH** A month ago South Carolina's opponents in the Atlantic Coast Conference began to breathe vast sighs of relief. The Gamecocks of Frank McGuire had lost four league games, and it appeared that their brilliant sophomore guard, Kevin Joyce, would be out for the season, a victim of thrombophlebitis in his left leg. But last week hard-pressed SC went back to its old simplistic game of pressure defense and shoot, John, shoot. John Roche scored 41 points to send South Carolina past North Carolina State 79-63 and then began to psyche himself for league-leading North Carolina. "It's funny," he said. "People liked us two years ago when we were underdogs. But now we're villains and everybody pulls against us." Pulling strictly for his own team, Roche scored 32 points against the Tar Heels in a contest that included 57 personal fouls, six technicals and a brief conversation between Roche and NC Coach Dean Smith. "How good were you as a player?" Roche asked. "Not nearly as good as you," said Smith, "but at least I never swore at opposing coaches during games." Then Roche sank five free throws during the final minute to insure a 72-66 victory.

Tom Wasdin, Jacksonville's rookie coach, is reacting emotionally to end-of-the-season pressure. When Forward Pembroke Burrows drew a foul with one second left in the first half against Florida State, Wasdin charged the timekeeper. The ensuing technical cut Jacksonville's halftime lead to a mere 48-27, and the Dolphins went on to smash the Seminoles 90-79.

Pro scouts have questioned the rebounding ability of Western Kentucky's Jim McDaniels. Last week he took down 25 against East Tennessee and said, "I've had a bellyful of his talk. Twenty-five of them ought to prove I can get on the boards. Fact is, it's beautiful."

With ailing Adolph Rupp watching from a hospital chair, sophomore Tom Payne scored 39 points and got 19 rebounds as Kentucky defeated LSU 110-73. Tennessee State, the nation's sixth-ranked small-college team, beat the Sicory Petrels of Oglethorpe College 7-4. State jumped out to a four-point lead at the game's start and saw no reason to challenge the Petrels' stall. Af-

ter the game Larry Walker, an Oglethorpe forward, told a State player, "I just want to tell you that this wasn't our idea."

1. JACKSONVILLE (20-3) 2. S.C. (16-4)

**WEST** Hawaii away. This always has been a trip for basketball teams from the mainland to dream about—the ultimate escape from the drudgery of practice. The players spend a few days on the beach starting at Diamond Head, United Airlines stewardesses and Singer Don Ho, then journey out of town to an airplane hangar for a laugh against the Rainbows of the University of Hawaii. Tany Bublier, except that this season the bubbles have been fairly good-sized waves. Georgia Tech, for example, spent last weekend in Honolulu and returned water tortured, 63-64 and 91-62. The ramblers were probably wrecked as far as tournament bids are concerned, but the Rainbows may have got themselves invited. They have a 21-3 record and a young girl superstar in New York who appeared outside Madison Square Garden and handed out miniature basketballs that proclaimed, *BEAUTIFY NEW YORK—PUT THE RAINBOWS IN THE GARDEN*.

Steve Belke, the Oregon coach, stood in the hallway of Paisley Pavilion Saturday night and considered the basketball talent of Sidney Wicks. "He ranks with the greatest forwards in collegiate history," he said. Wicks managed 28 points against Oregon, but it was the return of the UCLA press that defeated the Ducks 74-64. John Wooden moved Wicks into the center of the defensive press and proclaimed: "He is the fastest man of his size I've seen."

The night before in the Sports Arena, the Ducks led Southern Cal 40-28 with more than five minutes gone in the second half. Then USC substitute Forward Monroe Nash entered the game. He contributed 11 points and eight rebounds. The Trojans charged home, 63-55 winners.

Maybe it was the altitude. When Utah State's Marvin Roberts and Nate Williams arrived in Denver they were averaging 40 points a game. But against the Denver Broncos they made only four of 22 shots from the floor. The result was a 96-74 upset. "When those two go sour, we're not much," lamented Aggie Coach LaDell Anderson. He was ignoring Denver's record: State was the 11th straight victim. On Thursday, Oklahoma City was the 12th 64-63.

Because of illness and dropouts, St. Mary's took just eight players to the Santa Clara game. They would have sufficed for one game, or even a game and an overtime period. But this one went into a second overtime, and five Gaels fouled out. Finishing with only three men, they lost 114-111.

1. UCLA (26-1) 2. USC (20-1)



## Bridging the generation gap with a new deal

As in other sports, bridge is a game where youth is bound to be served—if perhaps not so soon. Unlike many sports, however, it offers an added advantage: learning how to play while you are young can provide a lifetime of competitive fun and companionship. I was therefore fascinated by the recent International Junior Pairs Championship, planned as the first of an annual series in which the same deals are played and scored simultaneously in New York and London, thanks to the Telex facilities of *The New York Times*.

I would dearly have loved to compete in this year's inaugural event but, alas, I could not quite meet the entry requirement that limited participation to players 25 years of age and under. Still, any move to raise this limit next year would not get my vote. Quite properly, the emphasis is going the other way, with more and more inducements being given to youthful and less experienced players to take part in organized competition.

For example, beginning later this year, the American Contract Bridge League will drastically reduce its initiation fee (from the present \$25 to \$5) to college and high school bridge clubs for sanctioned affiliation that will enable them to award master points to their winners. The ACBL is also assisting the Association of College Unions-International in the organization of the 1971 intercollegiate tournament, which has already begun on various college campuses, with the finals to be played April 30-May 1 at Northern Illinois University in De Kalb.

There is also some provision for young participants at the national level. A sub-National Masters pair event for players with fewer than 50 master points (no age limit) already exists as part of the Spring Nationals, which this year will be held in Atlanta beginning March 12. And more and more novice games are being added to the schedules of regional and sectional tournaments.

In Europe, where youth tournaments were inaugurated several years ago, the age cutoff has been dropped from 30 to 25. But no matter how low, an age limit alone may not be enough to insure equitable competition among young players. In my view there should be some limit as well to the number of master points an entrant may hold. Both American winners of the New York-London Junior Pairs, 19-year-old Mark Feldman, a junior at MIT, and 23-year-old Michael Gurwitz, a recent MIT graduate, have already become Life Masters, which means that each has earned at least 300 master points and the highest player ranking offered by the ACBL. Beating them would have been a remarkable achievement for less experienced competitors.

As their reward for winning, Feldman and Gurwitz will go to England sometime this summer to play in a tournament team event with the British runners-up. The British winners, Phillip Alder, who attends London University, and Ceri (pronounced Kerry) Evans, a student at Kingston College of Technology, will come to the U.S.—probably for the

Fun City Regionals in New York in July—to team up with the American runners-up, Michael Rosmarin and Russ Pearly, a couple of Rensselaer Polytechnic undergrads.

Gurwitz demonstrated his technical skill on the deal shown here from the transatlantic event. After three passes Gurwitz (South) had three possible opening bids. Most American experts would try one no trump or one diamond, but North-South was employing the British Acol style in which one no trump would show a weak opening.

Gurwitz therefore opened with one spade and jumped to three no trump on the next round when his partner was able to bid hearts at the two level. The final contract was eminently sound, but the auction had warned West that a spade lead would be inadvisable. He debated between the minor suits and then put the club 6 on the table.

South won East's queen with the king and led a heart to the jack, which East allowed to hold. The closed hand was entered with a diamond, and a second heart play revealed the bad break as West discarded a spade. East captured dummy's queen with the ace and returned the club 10. South held up dummy's club ace until the next round, then cashed the heart king, discarding a spade, and looked for his ninth trick.

The obvious procedure was to finesse in spades. If the queen lost to the king on even diamond split would be needed. But there was a better way, and Gurwitz found it. He played his remaining high diamonds, leaving the spades untouched. When West proved to have started with four diamonds he was thrown in with a diamond lead. After cashing his high club West was forced to lead away from his spade king to give declarer his game-going trick.

At many of the other tables South had no trouble making three no trump because spades were not bid and West led the suit.

END

East-West vulnerable  
West dealer

NORTH			
♠	4 5		
♥	K Q J 7 6		
♦	8 4 2		
♣	A 4 2		
WEST			
♠	K J 5 4		
♥	2		
♦	10 7 6 3		
♣	J 5 8 6		
EAST			
♠	10 9 5		
♥	A 10 9 5 3		
♦	J 9		
♣	Q 10 5		
SOUTH			
♠	A Q 7 2		
♥	8 4		
♦	A K Q 5		
♣	K 7 3		
WEST	NORTH	EAST	SOUTH
PASS	PASS	PASS	PASS
PASS	2 ♠	PASS	PASS
PASS	PASS	PASS	PASS

Opening lead: 6 of clubs



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"These trim-jeans are without doubt the fastest method of trimming excess inches off one's physique that I have ever seen. I used them for just 3 short sessions during which I reduced my waist by 3 inches, my abdomen by 4 inches, my hips and thighs by several inches for an overall reduction of more than 11 inches. While using the trim-jeans I didn't change my normal living habits or follow any special diet. For the amazingly small amount of time and trouble involved, the results from this product are incredibly rewarding."

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City  State  Zip

## On the fence about winning

**His Majesty, a colt with an eye on Kentucky, has a penchant for racing perilously near the rail**

As far as money goes, Hialeah's Everglades Stakes, which had its 26th running last week, is small potatoes. The victory of Mr. and Mrs. John Galbreath's His Majesty earned a pittance \$22,165, and while that beats a poke in the eye with a sharp stick, it must be remembered that there are about 50 races in the U.S. each year with purses of \$100,000 or more. What makes the Everglades so special is that it is the first stakes of the year in which top 3-year-olds, the ones with their eyes on the Triple Crown, meet in an honest-to-goodness test of

both speed and stamina. The mile-and-an-eighth distance of the Everglades is the same as that of the Flamingo, the Florida Derby, the Santa Anita Derby, the Wood Memorial and the Blue Grass Stakes—and only one furlong shorter than the Kentucky Derby itself. Considering that past Everglades winners include Citation, Gen. Duke, Tim Tam, Carry Back, Buckpasser, Forward Pass and Arts and Letters, one can appreciate why horsemen have long treated this race as a reliable barometer of things to come.

If things to come include any more near-disasters for His Majesty, then the Galbreaths and their trainer, Lou Rondinello, may spend May 1 at the Miami Heart Institute instead of in their box at Churchill Downs. "This is worse than working," said Galbreath after watching the full brother to Graustark dart through a hole that almost wasn't there to nip Jim French by a head right on the wire and 1:50½. That was only the last of many excitements in this fine race. Almost as soon as the 14-horse field was free of the gate, Jockey Bobby Ussery behaved as though he were in a live-furlong sprint on the plains of his native Oklahoma as he shot out to a six-length lead on Greentree Stable's Dynastic. Dynastic may be a son of Bold Ruler, and his mother, Track Medal, may be a full sister to Swaps, but even with that breeding and Ussery opening the throttle there was no way he was going to steal a race from this posse.

Dynastic's closest pursuers were Bold Reason and Adobe Ed, while Twist The Axe was a steady fourth. Jim French, the star of the Florida 3-year-old season up to now, was way back, as were His Majesty and Will Hays. Going into the far turn the slowpokes began to move. Angel Cordero on Jim French started circling the tiring leaders, while Braulio Baeza hugged the rail on His Majesty. Jim French took the lead from Dynastic just after the eighth pole, but he had bothered Twist The Axe along the way (and ultimately was set back from second to fifth place). Adobe Ed, tiring toward an 11th-place finish, nearly went into the rail on His Majesty, and when His Majesty got past that threat, Bold Reason came in to do much the same thing. That His Majesty got through at all is astonishing, but get through he did and in time to take it all in a spectacular finish. Sole Mio

came on swiftly in the stretch to take third place (second on disqualification), while behind came Dynastic, Twist The Axe and Will Hays.

His Majesty still runs like a green horse, but he is learning all the time. The Galbreath contingent insists that this big bay son of Rhioh can run just as well out on the track as he does down on the rail, and let's hope he can, because Baeza can hardly count on all-ways finding a hole in the nick of time.

Mrs. Taylor Hardin's Sole Mio, a son of Hail to Reason, should benefit from his good effort in the Everglades, and if his rider uses any judgment at all the next time, Dynastic will be closer, too. As for Twist The Axe, after being intimidated by Jim French he did well to hang in there. George Poole, who trains this son of The Axe 2nd for Mrs. George Headley, thinks he may have something quite special in his care. After the Everglades he said, "If His Majesty beats us the next time, the drinks are on me."

The next time is the Flamingo on March 3, and the drinks that night could very well be on Calumet Farm, whose Bold and Able turned in the week's most impressive performance when he won his second straight six-furlong test, this time by seven lengths in a splendid clocking of 1:09½. Trainer Reggie Correll has another Calumet colt called Son Ange (by Raise A Native out of Tim Tam's full sister Mon Ange), of whom he says proudly, "He's not a very big fella, but what there is of him is all run. The thing about both these colts is that they have speed and the breeding to make them go on. Bold and Able will take on these Everglades horses in the Flamingo. Son Ange will skip it, but you'll see more of him at Gulfstream next month."

Meanwhile, the Everglades remains as the first valid glimpse into the future of the classic 3-year-olds, regardless of what is taking place at Santa Anita, the Carolina training centers (where the star is still Host the Flag) and at Oaklawn Park in Arkansas where Staunch Avenger recently won his fifth straight. It doesn't even matter if the Everglades winner fails to stay in the headlines. A year ago a colt named Personality finished fourth in the 'Glades, 5½ lengths behind the winning Naskra. All Personality did later was win the Wood Memorial, the Preakness, the Jersey Derby, the Woodward—and the 3-year-old championship.

END

SQUEEZING THROUGH, HIS MAJESTY WINS

THE FABLES AND FOIBLES OF NUMBER ONE

## In 1923 nobody knew anything about renting cars. Including John Hertz.

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**N**O one knows exactly how John Hertz stumbled into the rent a car business.

Some say he had a vision. Others say he may have been mad. And, indeed, he did seem obsessed with the automobile.

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## Bad luck ends in a pot of gold

**A relentless siege of illness, injury and misfortune was lifted at last when Ruth Jessen finished first in the \$60,000 Sears Classic**

It is the eve of the Sears Women's World Classic at Port St. Lucie, Fla., and a party is taking place inside a huge green-and-white-striped tent near the clubhouse. The last effects of sunset linger in the sky, wreaths of candle-lit gardenias float in the pool and floodlights beam down from the surrounding palms. Inside the tent, there are glasses clinking and laughter and a small band playing *Moon Over Miami*. Surely any golf tournament that starts this way can't be all bad.

"Sears cares about women," a man in a pink blazer had been saying earlier, explaining why his company had put up \$60,000 for the tournament, the largest purse in the history of the women's game. "You see," he continued, "we discovered that women own about 75% of the stocks in the country. They are also responsible for 83% of our consumer dollar and I'm certain they have an influence on the other 17%. So we decided to say thank you. You might call this Sears' salute to America's women."

Well, O.K. The company also flew in, housed and fed free of charge some 170 women's page editors from 41 states, treating them to three days of fashion shows (guess whose fashions), lectures on art by Vincent Price, all those sunsets and gardenias and, if they cared to, a look at the lady pros.

The tournament, like the entire week at Port St. Lucie, was tailored for women. No men were allowed in the Thursday pro-am. Bouquets were used for tee markers at every hole and ladies in green pants suits acted as caddies, driving the golf carts and holding the pins. Hair was a major topic of conversation—where to get it set, how to work in appointments around practice time. Many of the girls have taken to wearing wigs. "JoAnne has three," says JoAnne Carner's husband, Don. "Otherwise, it would cost her \$30 a week just to keep her hair set." Pam Barnett, an attractive pro from North Carolina, wears one, but she has the rather disconcerting habit of tearing it off and flinging it to the ground when one of her shots goes wrong. Surprisingly, the effect of all this femininity was a remarkably friendly tournament, much more so than the average men's event.

It was held at Port St. Lucie's Senners golf course (there is a companion 18 holes named, naturally, Saints), and the \$10,000 first prize brought all the girls out. For nostalgia, there were the



IN CONTENTION AFTER TWO ROUNDS, RUTH JESSEN WON WITH A 72 ON THE LAST DAY

Bauer sisters, Ailee and Marlene, who turned pro five years before Arnold Palmer did, and Jackie Pung, just in from Hawaii, who in 1957 tossed away the U.S. Women's Open when she signed an incorrect scorecard. Jackie, who is now a grandmother, still refers to it as "the Open I won." For trivia fans, there were a tennis champion, Althea Gibson Durben; a retired Army lieutenant colonel, Anne Amutz; and a registered nurse, Kathy Farrer.

Also, there were the best of the lady pros: Kathy Whitworth, a severe-looking Texan who was the leading money winner last year and five of the last six years; Carol Mann, friendly and unaffected,

hoping to bounce back after a disappointing 1970; Donna Caponi, who makes a habit of winning U.S. Opens (the last two) and likes to dance all night; Shirley Englehorn, winner of four tournaments last year and, as a member of the Sears staff, a busy hostess-type all week; Mrs. Carner, who, when she turned pro last year after winning five U.S. Amateurs, started miserably but finished so well that everyone expects her to win tournaments by the handful.

Most of all, Ruth Jessen was there, and that in itself was a minor miracle. Ruth turned pro in 1956, but since 1963 she has spent as much time in the hospital as on the golf course. Here is the

*continued*

play-by-play. Plagued with a disk problem in the neck for many years, she was operated on in 1963 (the doctors removed a piece of bone from her hip and inserted it in her neck). In 1964 nothing happened, except that she lost the U.S. Open in a playoff with Mackey Wright. In 1965 it was back to the hospital for the removal of a cancerous tumor in her throat. In 1967 her left hand kept going numb until medical science solved that by taking out her first rib. In 1968 there was another cancer operation. In 1969 she was feeling pretty good, considering, until one day, when she was preparing to play the last round of a tournament, a tent she was sitting in collapsed and a pole struck her in the neck. Her neck has bothered her ever since. In 1970 she was plagued with tendinitis of the elbow; she tried to play in the LPGA Championship last June but was obliged to quit after 27 holes. Going into the Sears Classic last week, she had not played in a tournament since the LPGA and had not won one since 1964.

So Ruth Jessen, 34 and out of competitive practice, was hardly a betting favorite at Port St. Lucie, nor did her first-round 76 attract attention. A 72 the next day moved her into a tie for fourth, but she was still four strokes behind bouncy little Sandra Palmer, who was

playing so well it seemed no one could catch her. In a sense, no one did. Sandra, putting timidly, took an ugly 40 on the first nine of the last round in this three-day tournament and fell back into a three-way tie with Jessen and DeDe Owens. Then, midway through the back nine, Palmer took a bogey. Owens did, too, and there was Ruth Jessen with the lead. She made a birdie 2 on the 16th and came in with a 1-under-par 72 to win by two strokes from Miss Palmer. The Sears people thrust a green jacket on her—now wherever did they get that idea?—and, more important, handed her a check for \$10,000.

Now, \$10,000 may not mean a lot of money if you're Jack Nicklaus, or maybe even Tom Shaw, but to the lady pros the very thought of it was enough to make a few stomachs queasy the morning of the first round. There has never been a lot of money in women's golf—no one has ever earned \$50,000 in a season—and this comparative poverty is the main reason most women's tournaments have only three rounds instead of four. Most players simply cannot afford to fly, and so they drive from tournament to tournament. Driving takes longer and is more exhausting, and therefore three rounds is more practical. Money and expenses are a continuing topic of conversation. It was a source of some bitterness among the lady pros last week that while free room and board at the Hilton Inn was offered the women editors, the players were on their own. They were offered a chance to win a mink coat. Sears was giving one away to the golfer who came closest to the cup on the par-3 third hole. On the first day Jackie Pung hit her tee shot 25 inches from the pin (a mink is just what you need in Hawaii), but on Saturday Betty Burfeindt put one 10 inches away to take the coat from Jackie.

Last year was an especially lean one for the girls. Late in 1969 the LPGA board decided to buy up the contract of Lenny Wirtz, the controversial executive director, Wirtz, who doubled in the winter as a pro basketball referee, had run the ladies' tour for eight years. He also acted as a players' agent, which led to at least one awkward situation. In 1968 at the Buckeye Savings tournament in Cincinnati Marilyn Smith walked off the 18th green an apparent winner. But Wirtz, a stern official, then told her he was penalizing her and her

two partners two strokes for slow play, which cost Miss Smith the tournament. This in itself was bizarre enough, but the incident took on unfortunate overtones when the new winner became Carol Mann, for whom Wirtz was agent.

"We felt the time had come when we should expand," says Cynthia Sullivan, who was president of the LPGA at the time. "Lenny wanted to keep on running the tour by himself. We wanted a tour director as well as someone schooled in public relations who could set up tournaments for us."

What the girls really disliked was Wirtz' abrasive, overly authoritative behavior in public, which many of them felt hurt the tour. Too often tournament sponsors failed to renew contracts for a second year. So, late in 1969, Wirtz went. In his place as executive director the girls hired E.M. (Bud) Erickson, a tall, quiet, good-looking man of 47 who was once with the front office of the Atlanta Falcons. What Erickson inherited was not exactly rubble but it was a tour without an awful lot of tournaments. The number had dropped from 32 in 1968 to 28 in 1969 to 21 in 1970. The corresponding loss of money is reflected in the 1970 earnings of Kathy Whitworth, who led the ladies with \$30,235, the lowest high figure since 1965. The year before, Miss Whitworth had earned \$48,000 and had finished second in total earnings.

"I'm not going to knock Lenny," Erickson said the day before the Sears tournament began, "but I don't think you can spend your time as a basketball referee in the winter and still do your best for the girls."

What Erickson has done is take on Gene McCauliff as full-time tournament director and increase the number of tournaments to a probable 25 (and, since the schedule is not yet complete, possibly 30). Total prize money should top \$750,000, the highest ever. It was Erickson who worked out the Sears tournament, and he has arranged to have the LPGA Championship in June sponsored by Eve cigarettes. In May the Sealy mattress people will back a tournament in Las Vegas, and at the end of the year Eve will give a trophy and \$10,000 to the leading players on the tour. So perhaps bigger money is coming to the ladies' tour at last. As far as Ruth Jessen is concerned, it couldn't happen at a better time.



BUD ERICKSON IS NEW BOSS OF THE LPGA



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The real beauty of the Land Cruiser

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# The Once and Future Diplomat

*Arthur Ashe, tennis player and would-be ambassador, gets a little training and a few shocks on a Government-sponsored tour of Africa* by FRANK DEFORD



**T**he whole place was ours alone. There was no one else for as far as we could see, and we could see nearly to Zanzibar. Palm trees at the back of the beach cut off the rest of the world and also served as our shelter from the sun. Otherwise, we had to escape into the water, which was the Indian Ocean, wonderfully temperate, tinted azure blue. Beyond a reef it appeared a grass green, and beyond that a royal blue. The beach itself was ivory white. All the colors were pure in the antiseptic air.

We had been transported to this setting by a pretty girl from California, who had materialized from somewhere with a car and a picnic lunch. She drove the car in her bikini and gave the lunch to the servants, who were back in the beach house, to keep for us while we swam and sunned on the beach. We lay there and listened to U.S. songs, most of them recently recorded, as well as the commercials, call letters and other drivel from a Sacramento station. They were dear, reassuring sounds that Arthur Ashe carries with him all over the world. Were a man to close his eyes and pretend that he was surrounded by throwaway bottles and 50,000 people playing Frisbee, it would seem that he was truly back at any fine American beach. We all lolled that way awhile, then stretched and walked down the dazzling sand into the water.

We were floating there, suspended, carefree, so far as anybody could tell the only people in the whole world taking advantage of the facilities offered by the Indian Ocean. Arthur, cooled, satisfied, stood chest-deep in our briny pool and surveyed the whole scene. Then he shook his head, smiled and said: "You know, I don't feel much like an athlete anymore. I'm beginning to feel like a politician."

After we had had enough of the water, we enjoyed our picnic, and then the pretty girl drove us back to town, to the residence of the Ambassador of the United States. His Excellency was visiting in the U.S., but the house had been turned over to Arthur and all the servants placed at his disposal. His friend Stan was also permitted to stay there.

We shall, for the moment, leave Arthur there, changing into more formal clothes. This evening he will be presented to the vice-president of our host country. We are, you see, on a goodwill tour of 2,500 miles around Africa for the U.S. State Department. Arthur is supplying the goodwill, giving tennis clinics and interviews and playing exhibitions with Stan, whom he invited along as his associate.

Bud Collins of the *Boston Globe*, Richard Evans, a British writer, and I are in the company to report events. Then there is the U.S. Information Service camera crew, variously described as makers of film documentation or propaganda. We shall all be there as Arthur meets the vice-president, and later there will be time to visit a nightclub, where a nimble USIS officer will pick up the check and then tell Arthur's driver to take him directly to the residence.

So Arthur is right when he says he feels like a politician. I didn't read Drew Pearson all those years without knowing that every Congressman on the Airports' Repair Committee was forever traveling to the four corners of the tourist world to examine airstrips at the taxpayers' expense. At last I have to face it: I am swimming in the Indian Ocean with the taxpayers' money. After a while, though, Arthur has to be let off the hook because he is a bargain for the taxpayers. For every dollar spent on him, you get change back.

The trouble with State Department tours is that there is not enough swimming in the Indian Ocean. A State Department tour is a beast of excess. If real life were this way all the time, it would put the guys who stick bamboo shoots under fingernails out of business. It is a special kind of conflicting hell,

You are not allowed to do anything for yourself, yet you must do something on schedule every waking minute of the day. On the whole tour, with stops in six countries scattered all over Africa in 18 days—if it's Tuesday, it must be Zambia—Arthur had only one evening to himself. Promptly he went out and ate two steak dinners, back to back. At that point he was obviously getting a little shaky.

Mostly, a State Department tour is grueling, repetitive, demanding hard work. And nothing is left to chance. We had seven vehicles assigned to us every minute of the day in Nigeria, plus an eighth backup car, and lengthy detail sheets explaining where everybody was, is now and will be. Everything is so organized, it becomes, at last, surrealistic, coming around the other way. People are always saying: "Are we supposed to be here now?"

Adlai Stevenson once said that the three prime ingredients of diplomacy were protocol, alcohol and Geritol, and a tour confirms this. The first element is essential, the second one makes the first tolerable and the two together cause aging. Naturally, because this one was a typical American endeavor, it was also an even more wearing trip. It would be too simple and inexpensive just to have a man travel and teach tennis. Consequently, the four-man crew—Jim, Bill and the two Dicks—was dispatched to come along to film what the one man did. This multiplied the cost factor several times, to a level commensurate with our high American standards of inflation. It also made it impractical for Arthur to have any time off. (Obviously, here we have the solution to our traveling-politicians problem. All we have to do is send movie crews along to film the politicians' every move. It would be expensive at first, but pretty soon no more politicians would be traveling.)

To keep the cameras grinding, every moment of the trip was orchestrated. You learn quickly. You grab at the tin-canars as soon as you arrive in a new country and scan them as fast as possible to see if there is any listing for

**FREE TIME OR SIGHTSEEING OR SHOPPING.** You know you are in trouble if you see any of these time periods listed. If the schedule is so filled that they have to list when you are free, you ain't never going to be free.

It was hard enough for me, and I didn't have to give tennis clinics to children every day, or play matches in the broiling afternoon sun, or give interviews and meet everybody several times each, and always be genial and on display, the way Arthur did. Bud kept score. There were 25 parties to attend in those 18 days. The Duchess of Windsor never attended 25 parties in 18 days. In the very middle of her hot streak, Baby Jane Holzer never attended 25 parties in 18 days.

The ceremonial content was high because few American celebrities ever get to Africa. James Brown's face was plastered on every billboard in Nigeria when we got there, but he was being brought over to sing by Philip Morris, not the U.S. Government. At different times in the last year or so, track stars Lee Evans and Bill Toomey had made appearances in a couple of the countries, but those two were apparently the only

American athletes to have visited Africa recently under government auspices. Officially, these tours are "cultural" presentations controlled by the USIS, but the budget has been cut back and the big entertainment guns that have gone abroad recently have been directed mostly toward Eastern Europe.

Obviously the State Department was delighted when a black celebrity of Arthur's rank volunteered to go on a tour of the continent. They lined up Kenya, Tanzania, Zambia, Uganda, Nigeria and Ghana for him, and he approached the trip with affection and purpose. "Usually on these things," said Arthur, who is an old hand at Government tours, "you get the Government contact man, your mother hen, and you ask him to cut a few corners for you. But not here. I'm trying to be overly patient and generous. I'm determined to give of myself completely. For three weeks, I'll do anything they want me to."

#### GOING BACK

Arthur said, "One thing I haven't seen is many blacks in our Embassies over here." We were at lunch on a cool veranda with another gorgeous view and

servants attending to our every whim. The Embassy man mused on that statement. Arthur was impressed by the Foreign Service officers and USIS officers we met, and this particular man was the brightest and most personable of them all. We'll call him Steve. "Maybe blacks don't want to serve in Africa," he said.

"What?" Arthur cried. "You got to be kidding. This is where I'd want to be."

"That's you. But a lot of blacks in the diplomatic service believe that if they go to Africa they're going to be looked upon as window dressing."

"Wow," Arthur said. He asked around the table for other reactions. "They don't want to serve in Africa."

"Listen," Steve said. "At least a black man has a choice. If you're Jewish, though, you can't work in our Embassy in Israel. If you're an Arab-American, you can't go to a lot of countries. Same with the Irish, and I think maybe the Chinese too, and I think it used to be that way with the Italians."

"What's the reason for the policy?" Arthur asked.

"Just the obvious," Steve replied. "A

*continued*



ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT CUNNINGHAM

feeling that the ethnic, racial and religious pressures, whatever they are, are such that a man would be disposed to prejudice a situation on the basis of his heritage and not make an altogether balanced determination."

"That means," Arthur said, "that the fact that blacks can serve in Africa shows that officially the U.S. Government does not consider that blacks are significantly tied emotionally or ethnically to Africa. Is that right?"

"Well, yes," Steve said. "That's right."

"Hmm, now *that's* interesting," Arthur said. "That's *really* interesting." Then he slapped his knee with enthusiasm. "Dammit," he screeched, "this is incredible. I find every conversation on this trip, every encounter, more enlightening than the last one. It's unbelievable."

It was, all along, a deep learning experience for him. He had traveled the world, playing tennis in scores of countries, but the one place he had never been to before was Africa. It was almost predictable that he would be alternately enraptured and puzzled by the place and that he would not be quite what Africa expected either. Across a misinformation gap he faced down some journalism students in Nairobi. He was trying to explain how reality could clash with imagery.

"You see," Arthur told them, "I would say that virtually anyone in America 20 years old or older has formed most of his impressions about Africa from the movies." A couple of the girls giggled. Others looked annoyed at him, as if he were trying to put them on. "And that's mostly from *Tarzan*," he went on. Obviously, now it was all a transparent joke, so the whole audience broke up.

Arthur added a sharper teacher's tone to his voice. "Hey listen, I'm being serious. Don't you understand that? I'm being serious. And you know what most of the natives are like in *Tarzan*, don't you? Well, that's who you are to most

Americans over 20." The laughter died. The smiles faded.

"You see," Arthur said, "that's what you're conditioned to accept if that's all you see, all you're told. That's Africa to you for your whole childhood, maybe your whole life." Some of the young people looked stunned. "That's not all. Some things you just don't hear about at all. Do you know that until a few years ago I had never heard of Marcus Garvey or William DuBois? *Never heard of them.*" Now the kids just looked at him bewildered until a mixture of nervous laughter and soft sighs filled the room.

"Now," Arthur said, "suddenly every educated black in the United States is caught in the cultural and mental revolution which has Africa as the geographical Mecca. But you see, a lot of blacks are identifying with Africa even if they don't know what Africa is all about." The kids nodded, but I don't know if they understood him. Hair-straightening treatments, for \$5 or \$6, are still popular in Africa. Creams to lighten the color of the skin also are still big sellers. "Hey, this would shake up a few people back home," Arthur said, laughing when he saw a full-page ad for skin lightener in a magazine. When Arthur heard that there was still slavery in Uganda, he registered deep shock, but he seemed just as amazed to learn that students and professors alike often had only a casual interest in early African history.

It is trying enough for a white visitor to struggle with the contradictions and popular prejudgments. It is disastrous ever to be too glib. It is, for instance, so easy to superciliously dismiss a "garden party" given by the president of an African country as a gag, as proof of backwardness and hopeless unsophistication. The garden, after all, is really only a field—buggy, ragged and even mephitic in spots. The avid barefoot citizens clamor for chairs and the few available lukewarm bottled orange drinks. That country is six years old; in the United States' 40th year of constitutional independence, the President's

backwoods cronies barged their way into the White House itself, turning their jugs and the whole mansion upside down.

This is a simple example of how difficult it is to gain perspective under the best of laboratory conditions. When it is complicated by all the implications of race, it becomes nearly impossible. Consider Arthur, suddenly thrust back on a soil that no one in his family has touched for 300 years and expected to identify instantly with the land and its people. It is an unfair demand, certainly loaded.

There is still one more cross-current, for like many American blacks Arthur is not all black. He has both Indian and Caucasian blood and his features are mixed. A Nigerian newspaper took the trouble in the caption of a picture, where Arthur was standing next to a white player, to note that he was the one "wearing glasses." He stands on the corner in Nairobi getting a shoe-shine. "Are you a black American?" the kid asks, a clear edge to his voice. He is very dark, the shade of sable.

"Yes," Arthur says. "What are you?"

"I'm African," the boy says proudly, and Arthur feels quite unmistakably that this kid does not consider this a black-to-black meeting but an African-to-American encounter.

The Indian lady, a Kenyan resident, scrutinizes Arthur from a respectable distance. "He's not really a Negro, is he?" she says at last. The American system has to be explained to her: no matter whether a man is 1% Negro or 100% Negro, if the white man says he is Negro he is Negro. She nods, dubiously. And Arthur, after a lifetime of being classified by the color of his skin, arrives in Africa where his color is finally going to get him on the winning team—and finds out the rules have just changed for him. "They can't place me," Arthur says. "They don't know who I am until I open my mouth. Then, especially when the subject of South Africa comes up, they know who I am. It's funny, at home I get it both ways for my stand on South Africa. A lot of people, a lot of blacks, say I should

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## The Diplomat *continues*

not lend the South Africans dignity by applying for a passport. My feeling was, I had to confront them to make it difficult for them. Here, everyone praises my stand. When I answer that question, they know who I am. My involvement in the controversy has been my passport through Africa.

"You know, the last thing I expected was to be assimilated into African culture. As a matter of fact, I'm looked upon here as a curio. A curio. Now it works both ways. I find Africans so much more homogeneous than anything I'm used to. I myself would have to use the expression that they sure all look alike to me. I don't even know what standards of beauty are expected. I don't even know that.

"Don't forget," Arthur went on, "that I'm a stranger here."

### THE DIPLOMAT

For a couple of very basic reasons, no State Department tour with any tennis player is going to be typical. The fawning, special treatment that the Embassies bestow on their performing guests is a delightful personal surprise for most other athletes and most entertainers as well. It is a unique experience for them. But tennis players are used to being spoiled. They assume such treatment. They know in return they are expected only to behave like ladies and gentlemen. Moreover, since the sport is international and upper-class, they are often abroad and usually in an elite social or diplomatic atmosphere.

In the case of Arthur, however, the

State Department was not only getting a well-traveled athlete who knows how to use the right fork, but one who also just happens to be dabbling in his own on-the-job training. It is not unusual anymore for an athlete to see his long-term future in terms of politics, but Arthur is a singular example of one who wants to be an Ambassador and preferably in Africa.

"Now, speaking strictly for myself," he says, "I am in Africa in large part for purely educational reasons. Before I'm finished in tennis, I want to get out and see everything, everything on earth. Not too many people have done it. Not too many people can. This just gives me the tools to make decisions.

"I have had such rare opportunities, such a unique education, and, beyond that, the chance to try to apply what I

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have learned. I have thought sometimes that I might like to be a Senator, but, let's face it: Senator Ashe from Virginia—even in 20 years that's an unlikely possibility. But if it could happen, there are many people in the U.S. who can do things there that I could do. Where I can best employ my special opportunities is abroad. We've never had a black athlete in the U.S. who can do what I have been given the chance to do."

Arthur speaks neither idly nor immodestly, just practically. He has in a very real sense spent his whole life in diplomatic training. Under the best of circumstances, a Foreign Service officer coming up through regular channels might not accumulate the practical experience Arthur has at 27 until he was twice the age. Only a young man with a temperament to match an exceptionally good mind could have found his way through the social and psychological maze that Arthur has had to cope with. Jackie Robinson and other pioneers had direct, obvious confrontations. Arthur had an insidious kind of country-club-liberal enemy and subtle encounters that could not be settled simply by coming in with high spikes next time. For a mind, he has quick wrists; it is so facile that it is difficult, in fact, to determine how pure an intellect he actually possesses. He is perceptive.

It was fascinating to watch him. He would often move slowly at first, checking the lay of the land. In a couple of countries he did not put on his USA sweatshirt until he felt that he had gauged the anti-American climate. He always ended up flouting it, though, and we never encountered anything that could be termed an incident. We entered Zambia with the most trepidation. Just before our visit, President Nixon had rebuffed Zambian President Kaunda. Moreover, at the time of our stopover many Chinese Communists were in the country to help dedicate an international railroad that they were financing.

Far from any unpleasantness, however, Zambia offered only the most congenial atmosphere. Those who preach

naïve little homilies about international peace and love through sports would have had a field day here. Francis Kaunda, the friendly, handsome young son of the president, played in the doubles match against Arthur and called it "the thrill of a lifetime." Arthur said: "Hey, tell your father good luck for me. He needs it more than I do."

Only rarely did he overreach himself. In Uganda, standing in the Ambassador's kitchen, he greeted his host and got right to the point. The Ambassador was Clyde Ferguson, a black Nixon appointee. "Why would you be a Republican?" Arthur said sharply, as if the Ambassador were required to defend himself on this point.

"I'm historically consistent," Ferguson replied evenly. "I come from an area where traditionally the Republicans have been the more liberal party."

"God, where's that?" Arthur asked.

"Maryland—Baltimore," the Ambassador said. "Are you familiar with the political traditions there?"

Arthur cited a black Democratic congressional candidate. "Well, fine," Ferguson said, "but don't stop there. That's also the party of machine politics in Maryland, and George Mahoney. And remember, you're in the party of James O. Eastland and Lester Maddox."

"Well," Arthur said. Only then, when Ferguson had him off balance, did the Ambassador supply a few firm liberal credentials dating back to a personal association with John Kennedy more than 20 years ago. He had hit Arthur with a sucker punch and perhaps taught him something.

Arthur said, "Well, it's got to be tough, anyway, to be a black Republican. By definition that makes you a real small cog in the smaller machine."

"Easy to generalize, but you do what you feel you must at the time you must do it. You have to be your own man."

Arthur threw his hands up, nearly in a position of surrender. "Hey, that's right. O.K., you're right."

Arthur's own diplomatic effectiveness was founded on exactly that kind of independent thought. It was the tragedy

of the trip that he was not given more time just to meet and talk with average African citizens—especially students—because his views always merited special attention since they fall into no predictable pattern. There is a tendency to listen more seriously when the answers are not known in advance—and how do you peg a guy who endorses Establishment products on the one hand and on the other is seriously considering playing a charity match for the Black Panther Milk Fund?

"You see, what I have been so privileged to see," Arthur explained, "is how the system is worldwide now. Whatever happens, wherever, there are reverberations all over the world. We can't afford the chauvinistic luxuries of the past. It can't work that way anymore. Look, I'm American. I'll never give up my passport, but I love the world. I believe now we must all strive to practice what Sargent Shriver calls mature patriotism, what U Thant calls earth patriotism."

#### STAN WHO?

One reason why it is easy to credit Arthur's intelligence is that he is a little peculiar in a certain respect: he believes in occasionally consorting with writers such as the three who were traveling with him. When we would reach a new country, Arthur would always make sure to tell the Embassy people that the journalists should be included in all the festivities whenever it was possible. As I said, Arthur had a screw loose in this respect.

In Zambia one night, in the hotel lobby, Arthur said, "Come on, let's have a drink. I'm buying." I looked around, but there was no one else who could have possibly made that offer. A professional athlete had actually volunteered to purchase libation with legal tender. Bud said this was a new experience for him, too. I said, maybe this is the way it's done in Zambia, just our luck we've never been here before.

Arthur, of course, does not really drink; what he does is, he asks for a menu in the bar. "What would you like, sir?" "I would like to have a menu,

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## The Diplomat continues

please." What kind of drinking is this? At last, after perusing the list, Arthur picks something that intrigues him. It is odds-on to be served with a straw and in a strange container. This time he selected something called "A Golden Bushman's Cocktail Delight." The typical careful description of the item read something like: "Four kinds of rum, eloquently blended and crushed pineapple, served over cracked ice with a splash of Fanta and coconut shavings, a dreamy potato to enhance any evening; served plain or a la mode in a fresh casaba husk."

When Arthur was finished he was asked if he wanted a doggie bag. But Arthur rarely leaves anything behind. He is a conspicuous consumer. You never saw anybody so skanky devour so much. Where does it go? He has no thighs. His knees are connected to his hips with marionette strings. He says this is a racial slur, I say, no, it has nothing to do with race; it is strictly a personal slur.

About midway on the tour, we journalists had more or less arrived at the conclusion that we were, next to Ar-

thur, the most important members of the expedition. After all, the only others on the tour were the USIS camera crew, but they always had to ride in a truck with their equipment, which severely limited their status. And, of course, there was Stan.

You may wonder, who is this Stan who insists upon intruding on the narrative? A good question. In real life Stan Smith was none other than the No. 2-ranked tennis player in the United States of America, singles and doubles. Unfortunately there were half a dozen good reasons why Stan was totally unrecognized and unappreciated on this particular tour of black Africa. The first reason was that he was a white man; the other five will come to me.

Stan found out early where he stood. Our first day in Africa happened to be Kenyatta Day in Nairobi, a sort of combination Fourth of July-George Washington's Birthday in honor of the Republic's first and only president, Jomo Kenyatta. Arthur was found a place on the reviewing stand. Stan was seated—well, if the truth be told—with the reporters. He was always a good sport and good for a laugh, though. At the climax Bud, who did the announcing, always introduced Stan as "Bwana Twiga," which means "Mr. Giraffe" in Swahili. This would bring down the house. Stan is long and tall, with long feet. If Bud had had one more week, he could have developed Stan into a bigger contest attraction in Africa than Stepin Fetchit ever was in the U.S.

In Zambia the USIS gave out mimeographed itineraries entitled simply ARTHUR ASHE SCHEDULE. When we landed, the two players were rushed into the airport VIP lounge for an interview. The announcer positioned the two men on either side of him and then began rattling off questions for Arthur. He kept turning, little by little, until at last he nearly had his back to Stan's face. Finally, remembering he also had the white guy, the announcer turned, sort of, toward Stan. He had a good question for him: "How do you like the weather in Zambia?" Stan said that the 10 min-

utes he had been there it had been fine. But the announcer was not taking any chances. He had purposely held the microphone so far away from Stan that there was no way the response could have been recorded. Then he went back to Arthur.

Next, in Uganda, Arthur stayed at the Ambassador's residence, Stan at a USIS official's house. By now Stan wasn't even invited to make token television appearances, and in Nigeria the *Lagos Sunday Post* managed to write a whole story about the afternoon's matches without once even mentioning Stan's name. His very existence was becoming somewhat dubious.

Stan's first reaction to finding how the other half lives was one of pique. "Dammit, Arthur," he said. "I don't know how you ever talked me into this."

"I promised you, Stan, the next time I'll tour with you."

"Yeah," Stan says, "and it'll be Alabama and Mississippi."

As the tour wore on, though, Stan came to find peace in this discrimination. He would instinctively move away as the cameramen zeroed in on Arthur. At the various luncheons, dinners and other receptions he developed a dandy little speech that always wisely began: "I can only echo what Arthur has already said. . . ." By the end of the tour, he had become a connoisseur of his own invisibility.

## FUNDAMENTALS

There is no African Zone Davis Cup. Despite the fact that they have applied, no black African countries are in competition for the cup. Since there are 48 countries in the cup field this year, and many of the teams are probably no better or worse than those African countries could field, it is possible to say that either mad coincidence or discrimination is the operative factor here.

Nigeria and Ghana offered the broadest tennis talent among the countries we visited, but a wily Kenyan named Yashvin Shrestha matched sets with Arthur and Stan on successive nights. In Zambia a little white boy named Brian

BWANA TWIGA



Knoetze, just turned 12 and weighing 73 pounds, struck Arthur as the best kid that size he had ever seen. In Uganda, where there is a tennis stadium better than any we have in the U.S. except Forest Hills, the best young prospect has already gone off to Middle Tennessee State on a scholarship. In Tanzania, Arthur and Stan were staggered one morning when they watched an 18-year-old named Sam Hashan Amrandan play. The boy has had virtually no competition. He learned the game entirely from his father, a gas station operator who himself learned it from reading tennis books by Bill Tilden and Ellsworth Vines. Arthur and Stan watched him only five minutes before they both took his address so that their coaches at UCLA and USC—the best two tennis schools in the country—could offer him a scholarship.

To present the exhibition matches with the two Americans and the best local players, the local U.S. Embassy would tie in with the national lawn tennis association, a pairing that produced some curious results. In some countries the tennis groups charged admission (which by law must be shared with the Embassy). As a result, while the ticket prices were not high, often only a token fee, crowds were often predominantly white. Moreover, in some places where the U.S. might be clearing \$150 at best on this venture, little black children, their faces pressed up against the gates, were not permitted in to fill empty seats because they did not have the dime or quarter for a ticket. After he finished a match in one country, Arthur discovered that he had played at an all-white club. In another, he played at a club whose traditions are so racist that in the past members of the U.S. Embassy have not been permitted to join it.

Sometimes, too—particularly in East Africa, where the colonial influences cling—Arthur was teaching tennis almost exclusively to rich young white children. How strange it was to first contemplate the scene in Kenya, with tow-haired boys and girls all impeccably attired in school blazers. Refreshments for

the adults at the club included small tea sandwiches and whiskey and water. The little girls uttered when Stan took off his sweat pants before them. Here Arthur had come 10,000 miles back to Africa and somehow ended up playing the title role in the first act of *The Prince of Miss Jean Brodie*.

Yet Arthur was not unusually disturbed by the uneven situation. "Everywhere," he said, "tennis is a game played by the people who have time to play it, who have the leisure. Right off the bat you can disregard 85% of a population when you consider the illiteracy rate in most of these countries—they've never even heard of tennis. All I want is a cross section out there of the 15% left. I'm not going to be impractical and ever expect to get a cross section of a whole country. You must think: if I can just teach one kid who turns out. If we can just find one kid as good as this Amrandan in Tanzania looks. That's enough to justify it all. Look how many people know of Kenya only because of Kip Keino. That reason alone. Think of that. That one kid—if he ever gets as good as it looks like he might be—why, for a lot of people, he will put Tanzania on the map."

#### LIVE, ON FILM

If properly marketed, goodwill can be dispensed at low cost. Even though it must be acknowledged that tennis reaches a small portion of any population, the U.S. certainly gets good exposure when it is able to dish out the teaching and exhibition services of two of the best players in the world. It gets a good bargain, too, considering that the cost is only the price of a couple of tourist plane tickets, a few hundred dollars apiece in honorariums, some booze and hors d'oeuvres for the receptions and a few other petty cash items. With imagination, and just a little more money, most of the USIS men figured out ways to make the goodwill linger. In Nigeria, for instance, all the kids who came to the clinics posed afterward with Arthur and Stan for pictures that would be sent to them. In Ghana the participants were given

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2B1 EARL MONROE, Baltimore		*13B1 NATE THURMOND, San Fran.	
3B1 JOHN HAVLICEK, Boston		1H1 BOBBY ORR, Boston	
*6B1 BOB LANIER, Detroit		*1H2 PHIL ESPOSITO, Boston	
7B1 WILT CHAMBERLAIN, L.A.		*1H3 DEREK SANDERSON, Boston	
*7B2 JERRY WEST, L.A.		2H1 BOBBY HULL, Chicago	
8B1 LEW ALCINDOR, MIL.		3H1 GORDY HOWE, Detroit	
*8B2 OSCAR ROBERTSON, MI.		*6H2 JEAN BELIVEAU, Montreal	
9B1 BILL BRADLEY, New York		7H1 ED GIACOMINI, New York	
*9B2 WALT FRAZIER, New York		*7H2 VIC RASFIELD, New York	
*9B3 WILLIS REED, New York		11H1 RED BERENSON, St. Louis	
*10B1 BILLY CUNNINGHAM, Phila		*12H1 GAVIE KEDON, Toronto	

## The Diplomat *continued*

cheap, little painter's caps with the U.S. stars names on them, and trophies were donated for the national championships in Arthur's and Stan's names.

Arthur, who endorses Head rackets, brought along a shipment of the \$56 models and parceled them out, a couple to each country. The excitement in each clinic was such that Bud had to devise a rotation game called Uganda Work-up to determine absolutely fairly which players should gain this magnificent prize. Immediately before he left for Africa, Stan won a tournament in Phoenix, where a lot of the people donated old secondhand rackets for him to take along. He distributed them in the first country, Kenya. There were school kids there who drove 100 miles, sleeping overnight in a truck, just to make sure they attended a clinic. Yet they did not have enough rackets to go around. It is not hard to imagine how much those old rackets from Phoenix were appreciated in Kenya.

Yet at the conclusion of another clinic there, when Bud asked if there were any questions, a fellow standing along the side of the court said, "Yeah, what do you need all the cameras for?"

Another fellow, who had climbed up into one of the umpires' chairs, belted out: "Publicity. Just like always, it's all publicity." Many of the others snickered and hooted, supporting that view. Arthur flushed. In an interview on the Voice of America that followed, he kept trying to explain that there were no ulterior motives, that this trip was not "propaganda." And yet, as sincere as he was, when the matter is viewed dispassionately it is difficult to refute the claim of the cynic in the umpire's chair.

The tour cost only about \$12,000, after all, while the USIS film was expected to come in at many times that cost—\$60,000 or more. The film will be offered to schools, clubs and public theaters all over Africa and anywhere else (except the U.S.) where there may be an interest in it. Artistically, it will prob-

ably be very good. The men filming it were all very sensitive professionals who took their task seriously and made an effort to be as unobtrusive as possible. Yet, to do their job they were invariably in evidence, of course, putting everything in a very different light. In essence, we paid \$60,000 to dilute the straightforward, even pure, intentions of the tour. How curious that we seem unable to believe that we could send two young men on a simple mission of goodwill through Africa without verifying it on film. No wonder others are reluctant to take us at face value. No wonder, before long, that it was difficult at times to distinguish whether this was a trip being filmed or a film on location. The trouble is that participating in a little bit of propaganda is not unlike being slightly pregnant.

Only once, however, did the film crew commit the project to bad taste. It happened in Lagos, Nigeria on a dreary, drizzly day. We were supposed to be touring the city but instead we went al-

most directly to a ramshackle part of town, where earlier the camera crew had spotted some kids playing table tennis on a rickety old table that was set outside in the rain in a grimy dirt plaza that was beginning to turn slippery. Behind it, hovels seemed shivered up against the rain. Dogs and children scurried about. Older people sat nearby, looking about aimlessly, their dreams long since departed. Everyone was dressed in shabby, colorless clothes that matched the skies.

For reasons that are difficult to perceive, someone had decided that this sorry spectacle would make a great human-interest scene for the film as Arthur, the famous, rich black American athlete, nobly descends to the lower levels of life and plays table tennis with poor little African children. It was a cheap shot, patently false. Arthur didn't want anything to do with it. He refused to play. They pleaded with him. At last, against his better judgment, he said he would come down and watch, which he did. Reluctantly, he slouched down the little incline. The children stared at this strange creature everybody was making a fuss over. Obviously they had no idea who Arthur was. Arthur stood, his hands jammed into his pockets, and watched for as long as he thought he had to as a couple of kids batted the slick little ball back and forth. At last Arthur just turned and scrambled up the hill and into the car. He never looked back.

One day—in another country—a USIS man shook his head and said, "Thus will he hard to believe, but as soon as these guys leave, all the press around here will call me up and say, 'Hey, what were those tennis players really doing here?' That's hard to believe. I know, but it'll happen, because that's what you get every time the U.S. has somebody in. It's that way almost everywhere. People just won't accept the fact that what they see on the surface is all there is. No matter how many times you tell them, people just won't trust you when you tell them, like, 'It's just a couple tennis players teaching the game.' I know, it's hard to believe."

END



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# FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

**BASKETBALL**—**NBA**. Detroit lost three of four and dropped from second to third place in the Midwest Division. Los Angeles maintained dominance 125-113. New York 136-113 and Portland 136-114 to extend its lead from five to seven games over San Francisco. Baltimore continued to tremble in the Central Division as Cincinnati fell 105; games back. Sports Illustrated said a 30-year-old team over Philadelphia.

**ABA**. Indiana's Mel Daniels became the first ABA player to grab 3,000 rebounds when he got 22 on a 179-158 losing effort against Texas. Members of the Kentucky Colonels squad publicly denounced former minor league ABA star's assertion that there were racial and black-white problems on the team. One problem last week was undoubtedly winning. The Colonels dropped both of their games—lost Virginia 144-140 and Indiana 128-121. Virginia had a 20-year-old lead on the East while Utah holds a two-game edge on the West.

**BOWLING**—**JOHNNY PETRAGLIA**, of Brooklyn, dropped six-seeded Larry Lachman 302-196 in the 194-200 Women's Series-Salem (N.C.) Classic.

**OLYMPIC**—**RUTH JENSEN**, after fighting back from injuries and operations, won the richest ladies' golf tournament in history, the \$50,000 Swiss Women's World Classic (Geneva 1976), by scoring a two-stroke victory over Sandra Palmer at Port St. Louis, Fla.

**HOCKEY**—**Moreno** trying hard to arrest New York from the No. 2 position in the East. Quebec blanked the Rangers 3-0. The game marked the second time New York lost game seven in the season. Canadian goalie Rogan Vachon stopped 35 New York shots. The Canadiens later routed New Brunswick 4-1. Chicago's Peter Mahovlich converted two goals within four seconds and broke Phil Robert's performance in a hat trick. The victory, Moreno's two goals and four assists, broke the Canadiens' 10-game losing streak. In the Minnesota's Bill Goldsworthy has made 13 goals in his last 14 games, but he has been retained in fourth place. Bobby Hull ended a two-month and 346th regular-season stint to make him second in the all-time career list behind Gordie Howe as Chicago's defenceman. Vancouver 2-1, Boston beat itself scored four times. Chicago and Boston both maintained their division leads.

**HORSE RACING**. Changing to the first 15 yards from the new standard 181.00 (1975) 20 won the \$100,000 Wadsworth Handicap at Racine, Wis. The gelding was three-quarters of a length back, a head at front of Sufey Day. The victory covered the 1 1/2 miles in 2:01 1/2.

Four-year-old New Zealand-bred **DARYL'S JOY** (34-20) won his third straight maiden race when he

struck in a half-length victory in the \$65,000 San Juan Capistrano Handicap at Santa Anita in a 20 1/2 over the 1 1/2-mile course. In a photo finish he outdistanced **Cosmo**, a gelding, by a nose on the race-strutted course.

**SPED SKATING**—**ANNE HENNING**, who two weeks ago equaled the women's 500-meter world record of 43 seconds 42 1/5 in Garmisch, Germany, to establish a new mark. Second-place Ruth Schlotmanmacher of East Germany was timed in 43 1/5.

**BOXING**—**COLIN ADAIR** of Montreal regained the U.S. weight championship he held three years ago by defeating John Kean 12-10, 12-8, 11-15, 15-11 in Buffalo.

**YACHTING**. Dennis Kallahan, who had beaten BOO LAYNE as the U.S. Open championships last year, water as lucky this time as he lost 3-6, 6-4, 4-6, 6-3 at Madison Square Garden. Later in the week Laver won his 11th straight winter-take-all Championship Classic match by defeating Roy Emerson 6-3, 3-6, 6-3, 3-6, 6-3 in New Haven.

**CLARK GRABNER** fought off two match points in the fourth set and went on to beat Cliff Richey and won the U.S. National Indoor Open 2-6, 7-6, 1-6, 7-6, 6-0 at Salisbury, Md.

**FRANCIS CURR** of Paris upset second-ranked Boris Beeg King of the U.S. 6-3, 3-6, 6-3 for the second consecutive week, this time at the International Tennis Championship at Lido House, Fla.

**TRAIL & FIELD**. As the San Diego Inferno Games, **JIM RYAN** moved back into the forefront of mile-division running by clocking a 3:54 mile, equalling the world indoor record set by Tom Hark in 1964. Four others finished under four minutes for the first time ever indoors. Australian **KERRY O'BRIEN**, the world record holder in the 1,600-meter wheelchair, ran a blistering 2:12 2/5 indoors to establish a new world record, beating the old indoor standard by eight seconds (over 22). His time was also a record of a second faster than the outdoor best. Austria's **MARIA SYKORA** won the women's 600-yard run with a world indoor record of 2:33, breaking the old mark of 2:42 1/2.

At the U.S. Olympic International at Madison Square Garden **TOM WONG RUDN** earned a world indoor mark for the 1,600-meter when he beat Israel's Jack Murphy by two yards. Ron Rader was timed in 2:30.4 and Murphy 2:30.8 in both rounds. Scoring the old record of 2:29.7 **MARTY PROCTOR** won his 15th straight Karate belt by capturing the 1,600-meter run in 3:44.5. **LOUIS COLEMAN**, 1960 Olympic, jumped Willie Decker and Eric Hall for a photo of the world's best time for the 55-meter high hurdles with a 7 1/2,

**CHERYL TOUSSAINT**, used the top female performer, won the women's 800-meter run in 2:09.2, piling **Nadzhda Koleznikova**, a college student from Moscow.

At Salt Lake City **GREG G. JONES** of Texas-Eli Pao unofficially broke the N.A.A.U. 1,000-yard indoor record with a 2:37.3 timing. Records are official only if set at the N.A.A.U. meet.

**DEBBIE BRILL** of Henry, British Columbia, established a new Canadian record in the women's high jump with a 6' 1 1/2" in a meet at Vancouver, but **SWEDISH HILLY PIVNIK** of Vagelarna, who cleared the same height with fewer inches, won the event.

**MILPORE**—**RICHIE O.** Denver, Kristine Lundquist Seattle Superhero Sprinter, Harmon, by NABA Commissioner Walter Keston about a Federal Court of Appeals in San Francisco dissolved an injunction that had allowed him to play. The first major legal encounter in our sport when the Federal Circuit Court in Los Angeles is scheduled to hold a hearing on the validity of Harmon's Denver contract.

**ELECTED BILL WILLIS** (Ohio State) **CLYDE SCOTT** (Navy and Air Force), **DAN McMillan JR.** (U.S.C. and California), **DAN McMillan JR.** (U.S.C. and California), **MATTHEWS** (U.S.C.), **JOHN KILLINGER** (Penn State), **CLARK HINKLE** (Rutgers), **BOB STEUBER** (Missouri) and **NED FALSAHI** (Texas State) on the National Football Foundation's Hall of Fame.

**PURCHASED** **Suffolk Downs** for \$5 million by National Raceways, Inc. of Boston. Jim Edwards, who has headed the track's operations, is president of the new corporation.

**RENAMED** The Eastern Pattern as the Bay State Pattern, concerning with their move to Foxboro, Mass., 20 miles from Boston.

**KISIGNED** **CHUCK ROHR**, who built the University of Tennessee into one of the nation's top track powers, as an administrative post in Virginia Tech's athletic department.

**SIGNED** **JIM STILLWAGON** of Ohio State, winner of the Oakland and Lombardi trophies as the year's outstanding college football player, by the University of Arkansas of the Canadian Football League.

**DIED** Dr. **Edwin Beebe**, 80, who set a world high-jump record of 6 feet 7 1/2 inches in 1914 that stood for 10 years, in Santa Rosa, Calif.

**ORIG** **SALLIE BERNARD**, 75, owner of Truist Park and a former owner of the Cleveland Browns, of a stroke in Miami. She was one of men's most colorful and controversial figures, and was known for her bawdy telling.

## CRIBS

20, 21—**Bob Christie** 23 50 yards 24, 33—**John Decker** 49 1/4 1 1/2 miles 30 1/2 Bay Decker 34—**John Decker** 30 1/2 miles 39, 68—**Jim Decker**

## FACES IN THE CROWD

**LEO LYNETT**, 12, scored three of his team's four goals in the decisive game and half of its three-goal total to lead Ambury, N.Y., to victory in the Tobacco Town Peewee Hockey tournament at Delhi, Ontario. The win was the first ever for a U.S. team.

**TRENA STEGALL**, 30, of Smithville, Texas set national age-group records in three races at the 1970 American Roller Skating Championships in Lincoln, Neb. Gaining the javelin "C" title, she scored 110 yards in 13.9, 220 in 26.5 and 330 in 38.7.

**ANNETTE COWART**, 32, of Louisville won five individual events and seven on two winning relay teams at the Pacific Games Invitational. Her marks for the 50-yard butterfly (1:02.7), 100 butterfly (1:06.5) and 200 butterfly (2:33.8) established new state age-group records.

**CHARLES CLEWLAND**, a guard on the Bibb County High basketball team in Centerville, Ala., scored 52 and 50 points on successive nights as his team overpowered Holt High 99-74 and Dallas County 103-49. The 6'5 1/2" senior grabbed 29 rebounds in each game.

**HERMAN HARRIS**, a 6' 3" sophomore at Chester (Pa.) High, scored 64 points to set a county mark and lead his team to an 18-hole win. He made 67% of his field-goal attempts, got 30 rebounds and blocked 10 shots as his team defeated Oxford High 116-36.

**JACK DECKER** of Delray Beach, Fla. scored his first hole in one on the 120-yard 2nd hole at Cypress Creek Country Club. On the 155-yard 15th, he scored his second ace of the day. Decker used seven clubs each time, first into the wind, then into it. His 18-hole score, 73

# 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

## FIELD MARSHALS

Sirs,

It really warmed my heart to read Tex Maule's article *Tomorrow's Generals* (Feb. 15). I'm not a Cowboy fan, but it is evident that Gil Brandt, Maule's source, knows what he is talking about when it comes to evaluating pro material. Archie Manning is the best young pro prospect, and that's a fact.

GAVIN SMITH

Laurel, Miss.

Sirs:

Here in Mississippi we've known all along that Archie is good, but to have him made a Saint in our lifetime is enough to boggle the mind.

WES ARNOLD

Walnut, Miss.

Sirs:

How dare Gil Brandt say that Archie Manning is a better quarterback than Jim Plunkett! Jim played 10 times tougher opponents for three years and came through without a scratch, while Archie played Puff State and the like and got hurt.

Mr. Brandt should be scouting girls' sewing circles—or else he needs glasses.

RUDY ALVARADO

Santa Ana, Calif.

Sirs:

The order of the draft shows that Jim Plunkett is the No. 1 college quarterback.

ROBERT C. JOHNSON

Menlo Park, Calif.

Sirs:

All right, Tex Maule, I'll give you the benefit of the doubt. I'll assume that the only reason Cleveland's Mike Propps was left off the list of top young quarterbacks is because those who were listed are only "prospects" for stardom. Propps is a certainty for stardom.

JIM INGRAHAM

Eastlake, Ohio

Sirs:

The only thing that will hold Mike Propps out of the Cleveland backfield next year will be a "fuff" Nelson (and maybe not even that).

TOM CHISTLE

Fort Wayne, Ind.

Sirs:

Thank you for your recognition of Dennis Shaw, the NFL's Rookie of the Year and quarterback for the Buffalo Bills. Shaw truly possesses all the natural tal-

ent, confidence and leadership needed to become a superstar. We who have followed Dennis through his first professional season have little doubt that he will be tomorrow's general.

CHRISTOPHER MILLER

Syracuse, N.Y.

Sirs:

I fail to understand the emphasis placed on speed by Gil Brandt in rating quarterbacks when the best in the game today has trouble walking up stairs—Joe Namath.

JOSEPH M. BLOZ

Carbondale, Ill.

Sirs:

The ridiculous thing about the whole article is that Tex Maule bases his statements on the judgment of Gil Brandt, chief scout of the Dallas Cowboys. As the old saying goes, "If you are so damn smart, why aren't you rich?" Of the 26 teams in the NFL, Dallas ranks about 26th, quarterbackwise.

WAYNE HORN

Tulsa

## PARTISANSHIP IN CALIFORNIA

Sirs:

As partisan Bruin alumni and basketball fanatics, we enjoyed reliving the UCLA-USC game via Joe Jares' article *Camille Gora Under Attack* (Feb. 15). Sidney Wicks and Curtis Rowe were as devastating as you say, and John Wooden is the Man of the Year—any year!

MARVIN AND JUDY MATZLISH

Palos Verdes Peninsula, Calif.

Sirs:

A tip of the hat to Joe Jares on his excellent recap of the latest UCLA-USC set-6. I would be remiss, however, not to point out an omission. Kenny Booker, the Bruins' unsung fifth man, had the outstanding game of his career at UCLA. His timely outside shooting and fine overall defensive play were important and somewhat unexpected keys to the Bruin victory. You ran a full-page color shot of Sidney Wicks and another Bruin crashing the boards. That "other Bruin" is the oft-overlooked Kenny Booker.

DAN RANNEY

San Luis Obispo, Calif.

Sirs:

I congratulate UCLA for its victory over USC. But I know that USC still has the best basketball team in the country. The rest of the world will find out when these two teams meet again on March 13.

JIM CARRAGNO

Philadelphia

## PRIDE OF NEW YORK

Sirs:

Credit Larry Keith (*Last Story on Rose Hill*, Feb. 15) for an excellent feature on one of the finest and most unheralded college basketball teams in the nation today—the Fordham Rams. Led by Coach Dick Phelps and Trosapians Charlie Yehonin, Bill Manner and John Burik, the Rams, now 20-1, are one of the most exciting teams to come out of this section of the country in years. All of New York and the East are proud of them.

JIM SIMONSLAS

Bellevue Falls, N.Y.

## IMPOSSIBLE DREAM?

Sirs:

Frank Deford's portrayal of San Francisco Warrior Owner Franklin Mielul (*Bill Franklin Mielul Spoils Success?* Feb. 15) reveals not only an "erratic, bearded and bizarrely dressed madman," but also a person who is not afraid to believe. It is unfortunate that there is only one of him in the NBA because it wouldn't hurt the other owners to learn how to dream, too.

ROD N. EASON

Campbell, Calif.

Sirs:

You say that Mielul lost \$900,000 with the Warriors but that he is against expansion or merger. Before judging Mielul, I think everyone should take a look at what expansion is doing to the NBA this season. As I write, Buffalo is 17-46 and 23 games out of the lead in the Atlantic Division; Cleveland is 11-53 and 25½ games back in the Central Division; and Portland is 21-39 and 15½ games back in the Pacific Division. These three teams have debased the strength of the older teams and downgraded the quality of NBA play. Merger and a common draft with the ABA would be disastrous. The top talent would be so diluted that all pro-quality players would be gone by the second or third rounds. The NBA could become a collection of rinky-dink clubs.

Hats off to Mielul for trying to preserve good play in the NBA.

ALAN SAYRE

Longview, Texas

Sirs:

My answer to your question is yes. Franklin Mielul will spoil success if he is allowed to continue in the erratic, eccentric, and illogical manner in which he conducts himself and his franchise. He is also liable to forfeit more than he has already lost.

JAY SLUG

Stamford, Conn.

# SIXTY-MINUTE BASKETBALL (CONT.)

Sirs,

People who object to *First Hour*, Feb. 21 to SCORECARD's suggested 60-minute game do not realize how stereotyped pro basketball has become. It's run, run, run, deliberate foul, grab, push, shove and then a hook for two points by someone like Lew Alcindor. The critics claim that longer games would destroy the balance of the sport and starting players would be forced to play longer and thus be exposed to more chances for injury. I believe there are enough good players to fill 60 minutes. Many good pros do not get enough playing time today. Carrie Russell and Dave Stallworth of the Knicks play only 10 or 20 minutes a game, and they are two of the most exciting players in the league. If everything works out next year, Seattle will have to find time for Spencer Haywood, Bob Rife, Don Kojis, Don Smith, Pete Cross, Tom Meschery and Tom Black. Most rookies do not get a real chance, and ride the bench while their games and confidence suffer.

What's more, the season could be shortened by 10 or 15 games. The roster could be increased. The 24-second clock could be a 16-second clock. The zone defense could be legalized. Strategy could be better employed. More angles of attack would be used. They should do something about Alcindor, too. When and if he gets that skyhook down, he'll shoot 90%, average 50 points a game, and the Bucks will win with Lew and their ball boys.

The 60-minute game plus other innovations could make pro ball an art form and not just 10 players running around on a court. It's worth a try.

JOHN B. BATES

La Crosse, Wis.

## CRITICS

Sirs,

I was deeply distressed by your Feb. 8 TV TALK analysis of the networks' treatment of the Super Bowl. *The Super Bowl Comedy Hour* was intended to be a light-hearted spoof, and many of us who regretably lack Frank Deford's sophistication managed to find it enjoyable. As to the actual game coverage, in my opinion Curt Gowdy and associates performed quite adequately. The broadcast was, after all, designed as entertainment for an international audience, not as a Monday morning coaches' critique of every player blunder or poor choice of strategy.

CARL VORHEE

Alexandria, Va.

Sirs,

Everyone I talked to thought *The Super Bowl Comedy Hour* was one of the funniest shows they had seen this year. They did not think it "trite and witless." But the

*continued*



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for the martini.



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**10TH HOLE** continued

real criticism I have is for Mr. Deford's failure to comprehend a great documentary of a truly fantastic man, Vinny Lombardi. I thought it was a real insight into Lombardi as a coach and as a man.

I hope in the future Mr. Deford covers something more in his line, like the national Ping-Pong championship.

JIM MATIE

Notre Dame, Ind.

**Sirs:**

Speaking of TV sports announcers, how could Frank Deford possibly call Al Deford the "best football man NBC has"? On the contrary, I think he ranks as one of the all-time worst, rivaled only by John Sauer. Rather than giving the viewer the facts along with some interesting anecdotes, Al consistently bores the viewer with his predictions of the upcoming play.

It is high time that announcers stopped pretending that their knowledge of the game is vastly superior to that of the regular fan and started sticking to the facts. Let the fan analyze them for himself.

RICHARD JOHNS

Lawrence, Kans.

**DEARHDS**

**Sirs:**

I enjoyed Tex Maule's incisive analysis of the old AFL and NFL teams (*Goodbye to the Aika-Seltzer and Aquan Bowl*, Feb. 1). It reminds me of another analysis he did before the 1969 Super Bowl between New York and Baltimore. As I recall, there was no way the Jets could possibly win that contest. According to Mr. Maule, the Colts were clearly and logically superior because the NFL was clearly and logically superior, just as his latest article shows that it is still far superior.

ROBERT HARBIGIANES

Spokane, Wash.

**Sirs:**

Tex Maule is right again. Only two old NFL representatives could have produced such a mediocre Super Bowl.

DON ENDLES

State College, Pa.

**Sirs:**

Tex Maule saw his beloved NFL decisively thrashed in two Super Bowls. Then he saw his beloved Cowboys dumped in the Super Bowl. We AFL fans should have expected his NFL biasing after the Pro Bowl. After all of his heartbreaks, Tex is entitled to blow a little smoke.

RANDY WHEEL

Stevens Point, Wis.

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## Kicks for the Sourdoughs

At the age of 27, Mike Mahoney was already a legendary figure in the Alaska of the early 1900s. Six feet two and a hard 200 pounds, he gained undying fame one night in Skagway by cleaning out Soapy Smith's joint single-handed. At another time he got the unofficial title of King of the Packers by backpacking a small piano up the steep 1,200-foot ice stairway of Chilkoot Pass. He was, in addition, a skilled white-water pilot on the Yukon and a champion dog musher.

All sourdoughs knew these things about the man they later called Klondike Mike, but it took a slick saloonkeeper named Tex Rickard to think of him as a professional prizefighter. Six years before he went to Reno to stage the Johnson-Jeffries bout, Rickard was in Nome running the first of his several Great Northern Saloons, a chain of which he was later to operate in a series of gold-rush towns. When Mike Mahoney, temporarily down on his luck, asked for a job, Tex—always with an eye for an angle—signed him on as a bouncer. But he had no intention of letting things stand at that. Ordaining Mike as "the champion of Alaska," Rickard set about matching him against all comers in the Great Northern's back-room "athletic club."

No exact records of these impromptu bouts were kept, but oldtimers recall that Mike was unbeaten in at least 20 brawls and that he won as many with his feet as with his fists. As a boy working in lumber camps, Mike had learned the deadly art of *la sanate* from French-Canadian lumberjacks and later used this skill to belt out a 250-pound woods hully who tried to rough him up.

At the time Mike was defending his Alaskan championship against all comers, a crack light-heavyweight boxer named Tommy Burns was barnstorming his way across the U.S. He reached Seattle in May 1904 and dropped in on a pal, gambler Brocky Bray. Brocky had just bought a claim near Nome, sight unseen, from a bewhiskered character who announced that he was fresh in from the gold fields. He had promised Bray that he would accompany him back to Nome to inspect the purchase but—predictably—had disappeared once he got his hands on the money. Somehow Bray managed to persuade the reluctant Burns to go to Nome with him and claim his property. "I'll go with you," declared Tommy, "but you might as well ad-

mit right now that you've been had."

Upon their arrival in the hectic new diggings on the Bering Sea, Bray discovered that Burns was right; his thousand-dollar "claim" was nonexistent, and in an effort to recoup his loss Brocky turned to Tex Rickard's poker tables. Since Burns was no gambler, Tex seized the opportunity to talk the bored pugilist into fighting his "champion" for \$100. This was coffee-and-cake money to Burns. But, figuring Mahoney for just another saloon brawler, a pushover for a clever boxer like himself, he accepted the match as a diversion.

Rickard's back room at the Great Northern was jammed on the night of the fight. Most of the sourdoughs bet heavily on Mike; those lately arrived from the States and familiar with Burns' excellent record backed Tommy. No odds were asked or given; it was even money and pick 'em.

Big Mike, looking at his shorter and lighter opponent in the opposite corner, brooded darkly before the bell for the first round. Suddenly he appeared to reach a momentous decision. "I'll fight him with fists alone," he loudly announced. "'Tis the only honorable thing to do, sein' that I've height and weight and reach on him."

"Get in there, you big ox, and kick his head off!" hissed his chief second, Jimmy (the Goat) Quinn, Mike's close friend and Nome's leading professional gambler, who had \$5,000 riding on Mahoney.

Before Mike could say more, the bell sounded. Mike rushed from his corner swinging roundhouse rights that would have annihilated Burns had they landed. Tommy ducked, sidestepped and started the blood streaming from Mike's nose with left jabs. Mahoney blinked, lowered his head like a bull moose and charged. Again Burns ducked away from a terrific swing and jabbed Mike with his left. Then he opened

up with both fists and had Mahoney bloody at the bell. The slick pro was grinning as he went to his corner at the end of the round.

"This big bull couldn't fight his way out of a barnyard!" he told Brocky Bray. But Brocky urged caution. "This guy is tough as rawhide," he warned, "better wear him down for a few rounds and make sure of him. I got my roll on you, or what's left of it."

In Mahoney's corner Quinn was close to having a fit. "Please, Mike, use your feet!" he implored. "All the boys are betting their pokes on you. You'll bust the whole damn town if you lose!"

Mike shook his head. "Nah, I can lick him with my fists. If I could only hit him square—just once!"

At that point, Rickard came over to add his entreaties to those of Jimmy the Goat. "Don't be a goddam fool, son," he told Mike. "This feller will cut you to pieces if you don't quit tryin' to fistfight him. Boxing's his game, not yours. Go out there in this round and kick hell out of him."

Mahoney grunted but said nothing. Burns moved out confidently for the second round. He jabbed Mike twice with his left, crossed a right hard to the big man's jaw. Mahoney wobbled but kept boring in, trying desperately to land a punch, while the sourdoughs urged him on with belated cries. The round ended as Mahoney stood still in the center of the ring, with Burns weaving before him, hitting him at will.

A few seconds later, as Mahoney rested, Quinn's pious as well as his own dawning sense of defeat took sudden effect on the battered local champion. "All right, goddam it," he muttered, "I'll use me feet!"

Up to the closing 30 seconds the third round was practically a replay of the second. Then Burns missed an overhand right that threw him momentarily off balance. Instantly Mike's right foot lashed upward into Burns' stomach. Tommy's breath whooshed out in a great gasp and he dropped as if shot. The 10 count was a mere formality. Burns was paralyzed for three minutes, and Mike was once again secure in his mythical "championship."

"It has always been my honest opinion," said Burns many years later, "that Klondike Mike would have been a world heavyweight champion if he had followed the boxing game."

—NORMAN B. WILFSEY

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